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IMPERIALISM AND THE PRINCIPLES OF 1789.

WHOEVER can calculate the exact proportion in which an Irish fortune-hunter's love for the person of a charming widow mingles with his love for her jointure of 5000*l.* a year, may hope also to calculate the exact proportion in which genuine has been mingled with artificial feeling in the enthusiasm with which, according to the *Moniteur*, the French EMPEROR has been received in his tour through Brittany. The same calculation will also give us the net political significance of the reception. Who ever heard of an Imperial or even of a Royal progress which was not greeted with universal enthusiasm through the whole of its course? In France especially, everybody has been so well broken in to this sort of thing that it can be done for any potentate of the hour, be he LOUIS NAPOLEON or LOUIS BLANC, at a moment's notice—above all, for a potentate who is in favour with the priests. The old NAPOLEON on his return from Moscow was overwhelmed with addresses and congratulations, which, says an historian of the period, exceeded in extravagant adulation and servility all those which had been presented to him on former occasions. Offers of service, protestations of boundless attachment, were endless. From every quarter of the Empire, authorities, functionaries, and municipalities sent up assurances of unabated affection—declaring that the welfare and happiness of France depended on the preservation of the Imperial dynasty, and that the nation would deem no effort or sacrifice too great to ensure the safety of its beloved and cherished ruler. Not only was the nation from which these protestations poured in heartily sick of its beloved and cherished ruler, and eager to declare in favour of the BOURBONS—as it showed little more than a twelvemonth afterwards—but a short time before, the obscure conspirator MALET had all but overturned the Imperial Throne amidst the total apathy even of its Ministers of State. Lip-service in France, therefore, is neither very high-priced nor worth much more than the price that is paid for it. Still we need not doubt that every peasant shouts heartily, if not rationally, for an EMPEROR dressed in a fine uniform and attended by soldiers and bands of music, or that a Celtic peasant is, above most other peasants, full of that romantic attachment to persons and disregard of principles which naturally and perhaps usefully characterizes the most primitive and the most backward races of mankind. The EMPEROR's route has lain, if we mistake not, through those regions of intelligence the denizens of which, when he was a candidate for the Presidency, believed it was the old NAPOLEON for whom they were voting, and saw in the luminous streaks of the Aurora Borealis the initial letters of their favourite's name. The Breton, with his solid night of ignorance, his more than dominant priesthood, and his more than legendary saints, is the stuff out of which the pillars of despotism are made. The greater is the shame of those whose reckless vanity overturned a Constitutional Monarchy to entrust the destinies of France to the suffrage of the Breton.

But if there can be any doubt about the significance of the reception the Bretons gave the EMPEROR, there can be no doubt about the significance of the EMPEROR's speeches to the Bretons. It is more difficult to turn a theorist from his theory than a WARNER from his search after an omnipotent projectile, or a gold-seeker from the pursuit of visionary gold. Otherwise the ingenuous avowal that "my sympathies attracted me towards the Breton people, which is above all *monarchical, Catholic, and military*," ought to satisfy the discoverers of Democratic Despotism that the specimen at present before us at all events is not a new political species, but only the old snake painted red, white, and blue. The only question is, why, if France is to be ruled on BOURBON principles, she should not be ruled by a

BOURBON, who may lend to those principles the *prestige* of a son of St. Louis; and possibly LOUIS NAPOLEON may find that he is, after all, preparing the way for events which he does not desire. To those who dream of an industrial dictatorship, we beg leave especially to commend the emphatic recognition of the *military* tendency as one by which the EMPEROR's sympathies are peculiarly attracted. The address of the municipal authorities of Rennes breathed rather pacific inclinations. NAPOLEON I. having showered down upon them the blessings of war—conscriptions, ruinous taxation, and invasion—they hoped that NAPOLEON III. would "shower down on them all the blessings of peace and civilization." Such was pretty clearly the current of their thoughts, though the first member of the antithesis was discreetly veiled. But in reply, the EMPEROR admonishes Brittany, "while quickening her march along the path of civilization, to preserve intact the tradition of the noble sentiments which have distinguished her for centuries." We fear Brittany will find it a little difficult to remain "above all things monarchical, Catholic, and military," and at the same time to quicken her march along the path of civilization. The double requirement suggests to us a sort of amphibena, with one head pulling backwards towards the monarchical, Catholic, and military Middle Ages, and the other pulling forwards towards the onward path of civilization. Perhaps the Empire itself, as an institution, is pretty much in the same situation. But it is not only the political and religious, but the moral, tendencies of the Bretons to which the EMPEROR is drawn by sympathetic attraction. "Let her" (Brittany the monarchical, the Catholic, the military, the quick marcher on the path of civilization) "keep that simplicity of manners—that proverbial frankness—that fidelity to oaths—that perseverance in duty—that submission to the will of God, who watches over the humblest domestic hearth as over the loftiest destinies of Empires." We never knew what it was to take the bull by the horns before.

But by far the most important part of the EMPEROR's speech was his declaration that France desires a Government "conscientious enough to declare that it resolutely protects the Catholic religion, at the same time that it admits liberty of worship." What would have been the effect of these words—by which the State undertakes the resolute protection of a certain form of belief, and freedom of worship is reduced to the level of an Imperial concession—if they had been uttered by a BOURBON either of the elder or of the younger branch? We can hardly believe our ears when we hear such sentiments proclaimed by one who calls himself the elective ruler of a people which not long ago sacked the palace of the Archbishop of PARIS for being "a Jesuit like CHARLES X." We should have thought that, if there was any one principle which France had conquered for herself after her half century of chaos, it was the principle of religious freedom. But those who ought to have studied her well seem to think that, after a debauch of Atheism, she may now be ready for a debauch of Ultramontanism and persecution. To make reflections on the spectacle of a man of LOUIS NAPOLEON's notorious faith and life joining in pilgrimages to the shrine of Breton saints, and declaring himself conscientious enough to protect rigorously the Catholic religion—or of a priesthood craving to have the Catholic religion so protected—would be more easy than profitable. We will only say that when the first NAPOLEON in Egypt pretended to be converted to Mahometanism, the Muftis, unlike the Ultramontanists, showed a spark of the spirit which should animate the priests of a true religion. It is more to the purpose, and it deeply concerns all to whom religious freedom is dear, to consider what danger may threaten that freedom from the "conscientious" tendencies of the EMPEROR and his priestly

allies. The identification of the interests of the Empire with those of the Ultramontane priesthood is not only proclaimed in words, but practically exhibited in the shape of pretty active intrigues carried on in different countries, and especially in Belgium, by the priest party, in favour of the French Empire. The dream of a French monarch employing the bayonets of France for the extinction of heresy in Europe is familiar not only to the drunken fanatics of the *Univers*, but to more philosophic Ultramontanists, such as DE MAISTRE, in whose serene and love-breathing pages will be found a pretty strong appeal to the ambition of princes to follow the splendid footsteps, among others, of LOUIS QUATORZE, as "propagators and protectors of legitimate Christianity." Such princes, according to the great apostles of Ultramontanism, may pay their tribute of misfortunes and imperfections to humanity, but their foreheads will be marked with a sign of glory, the description of which we are not surprised to find is looked for by DE MAISTRE in a heathen poet, and not in St. John. We do not suppose that the cool-headed ruler of France is fired with the ambition of emulating the palms of St. Louis; and probably the Breton speech means nothing more than that if the French priests will continue to lend the EMPEROR their political support, he will pay them with protection, money, and qualified persecution of their opponents. Nor is it very certain that it would be thought politic to say to the Parisian head of France what it is thought politic to say to its Breton tail. But even so, it is a startling thing that the doctrine of State protection of a particular creed, and of qualified intolerance, should be re-established, or even proclaimed with impunity, by the Government of what was but a few years ago an ultra-liberal nation. This, and the batches of victims who are still being shipped off without law or trial to die in the marshes of Cayenne, are the short and simple answer to M. DE PERSIGNY's romantic diatribes about an Empire "founded on 'the principles of 1789.'" We have too much faith in the better cause to believe that so great a step in the progress of humanity as religious freedom will ever be reversed; and we have even a good deal of faith in the buoyancy and self-recovering powers of France. But such things as this show us how slow and fitful is the advance of civilization.

THE PEACE WITH CHINA.

THE allusion, in the announcement of the treaty between China and Russia, to a previous conclusion of peace with England and France, is perhaps more trustworthy than if it had been a positive statement. After the entrance of the allied squadron into the Peiho, there was little doubt that European firmness would soon prevail over the ingenious versatility of Chinese diplomacy. It is true that joint negotiations are not in general satisfactorily carried out, nor had our French auxiliaries displayed any extraordinary zeal during the recent operations. The plenipotentiaries of the belligerent Powers were also embarrassed by the company of neutral colleagues—of a Russian who might be suspected of a desire to promote separate interests, and of an American whose instructions may probably not have enjoined a scrupulous regard for the wishes of England. It is, however, only fair to admit that Count PUTIATIN, himself a distinguished naval officer, has exhibited a friendly feeling to the leaders of the expedition, and all the assembled diplomatists must have felt that they would be held responsible for failure in the obvious purpose of their mission. Lord ELGIN has shown a commendable desire to obtain his object without any unnecessary effusion of blood, but the destruction of the Peiho forts, and the subsequent advance to Tientsin, were probably indispensable conditions of the concessions which were required at Peking. Chinese politics, though they are still imperfectly understood, present some intelligible and uniform characteristics, and European diplomatists may envy the patient pertinacity, the timely submission to necessity, and the convenient exemption from conventional susceptibilities which belong to Celestial dignitaries. It would probably be more correct to say that the point of honour is peculiarly placed in the Chinese system of public morals, than that it is altogether wanting. The Imperial Court accepts defeat or menace as ascertained facts, which may lead by a natural consequence to the adoption of unpalatable measures; but there is no disposition to anticipate the success of an adversary when it is certain that his enmity may at the worst be bought off at a known and definite price. Lord ELGIN and his colleagues were not dealers in Sibylline books, to be acquired by a pro-

gressive increase of sacrifices. Even if the war had lasted for ten years, China was safe from European conquest, and at the conclusion of hostilities the barbarians would be eager to exchange broadcloth and opium for silk and tea. The contest would probably have been allowed to linger indefinitely if it could have been prolonged in the distant provinces of the Empire; and even when the squadron appeared at the mouth of the Peiho, it was by no means certain that the invaders would venture to advance on the capital. If any Chinese engineer had sounded the water on the bar, and gauged the draught of the English steamers, he might reasonably have recommended his superiors to delay their submission until the vessels had passed an obstacle which might well have been thought insurmountable. The French officers were anxious to reserve themselves for duties which demanded their attention elsewhere, and for a time it was not known whether the English Admiral had made up his mind to advance. It was not until it became certain that the Plenipotentiaries might wait indefinitely for the Commissioners from Peking, that Sir M. SHYMOUR finally determined to accelerate their progress by meeting them halfway.

There have been many more desperate enterprises recorded in the naval history of England than the advance up the Peiho, but the ready and available resources of genuine sailors have seldom been more conspicuously displayed. The *Nimrod* and *Cormorant* ran at the bar like horses at a difficult fence, and at the first attempt both vessels stuck fast in the mud, as their captains had fully anticipated. It is highly probable that Captain DEW and Captain SAUMAREZ had never read the history of a Norse sea-king who escaped from a beleaguered harbour in the East by tilting his galley alternately at the stem and stern, so as actually to leap over the boom which the enemy had placed to intercept his progress; but the feat which was performed a thousand years ago with an open boat of pine-wood, was repeated at the mouth of the Peiho in large English vessels with all their armament on board. While the engines worked, and backed, and went on, weights and guns were shifted alternately fore and aft, and two hundred men running up and down the decks made their ship, instead of walking the waters, travel slowly across a mile of sand. At the last moment at which the tide would serve, the *Nimrod* slipped off into deep water, and the larger ships, with the English and French gunboats around them, were ready for action with the forts. The result of the contest could not be doubtful, though the Chinese garrison stood manfully to their guns, and it is probable that the entrance of the squadron into the river practically decided the policy of the Imperial Government. A Tartar leader, who rejoiced in the title of "the demon," had occupied Tientsin with a force of 30,000 men described as "tigers of war;" but when the squadron with the Ambassadors on board ascended the river after some delay, they found residences prepared for them, and the population on the banks crowded to welcome them, striking their heads on the ground in token of respect and submission. The merchants sent deputations to inquire what cargoes had been brought in the ships, forwarding at the same time lists of the goods which they were prepared to offer in return. At the date of the last detailed accounts, Lord ELGIN had sent for a reinforcement from Hong Kong; but it seems that the conclusion of the treaty must have been effected before his arrival at Peking.

During the whole course of the recent transactions, additional proof has been afforded that the habits and institutions of China, and the inclinations of the people, offer no obstacle to the most unrestricted intercourse with foreigners. If the terms of peace are correctly reported, the Government is about to remove or suspend some of the obstacles which have thus far interfered with commercial freedom. It is doubtful whether the ports which are said to be open are only those which were secured for the purposes of trade under the previous treaty; but a considerable advance seems to have been made in the provision for the appointment of consuls, and in the recognition of the right to send diplomatic agents direct to the capital. According to the precedent of the former treaty, the defeated enemy will defray the whole or a considerable part of the expenses of the war. If submission had been delayed, some more convenient settlement would probably have been demanded for this country, in place of the little island of Hong Kong; but it might have been difficult to obtain the co-operation of the allies in any attempt to procure an exclusive benefit for England. On the whole, there is reason to hope that some commercial advantages may be derived from a fresh admission on the

part of China that foreign trade is legitimate or beneficial. The greater portion of the profit which may result will fall to the share of England and the United States, for it is difficult to suppose that the maritime commerce between Russia and China can attain any considerable dimensions. It is certainly not impossible that the treaty may hereafter serve as an excuse for Russian encroachments on the north-western frontier of the Chinese Empire; but the jealousy even of amateur diplomatists must be content to remain without satisfaction when there is a question of the independence of Tartary, or of the inviolability of the Great Wall.

TELEGRAPHIC COURTESIES.

THE history of the last quarter of a century gives the measure of the political importance which belongs to the Atlantic cable. Not a single difficulty has arisen with the United States during all that time which might not have been readily obviated, or rapidly removed, if such a mode of communication had existed. The habit attributed to the British Lion of constantly whipping himself into a passion by strokes of his own tail, is even caricatured in his descendant. A "British outrage," only half believed at first, becomes credible through being written and talked about. Deep calls unto deep, newspaper unto newspaper, until the general irritation is too great to be appeased by merely dispelling the original delusion. The mischief is done, and both Governments find themselves in a false position—one because it does not like to surrender even an immaterial point to a bullying antagonist, the other because it must somehow contrive to satisfy a popular emotion. Indeed, we suspect that most of the diplomatic irregularities of the American Government are committed in the interval between the supposed wrong and the despatch from England which is sure to explain it away. With thirty and odd Constitutions all in operation together, besides that of the United States, the party in power at Washington has always some point to carry, or some election to win, at some part or other of the territory of the Federation. If there is a burst of popular feeling at the moment, it has to be utilized for the purposes of the Administration; and hence there is permanently a strong temptation to pen some highly-spiced State-paper, which, communicated to the world through a confidential friend, may prove how great is the zeal of Mr. WESTER, or Mr. CLAYTON, or Mr. CASE for the honour of an injured country. But the critical interval is now annihilated. It is almost superfluous to point out that the recent excitement about the so-called Right of Visitation must have died out in a day if there had been telegraphic communication between England and America. We could not indeed have at once contradicted the incidents alleged to have occurred in the Gulf of Mexico, but Lord MALMESBURY'S declaration that no new orders had been sent out, and no new right asserted, might have been published in twenty-four hours to every corner of the Republic. The entire difficulty was, in fact, created by the delay. The outrages were fictitious. The point of diplomacy had no existence. Nothing had any reality except the popular excitement, which was genuine enough—so genuine, indeed, that when explanations arrived from England which left the matter just where it was before, the Americans could not help persuading themselves that the relinquishment of what was never asserted amounted to a great concession.

It is pleasant enough to read the telegraphic courtesies which have been exchanged between the chiefs of the two nations, and the assurances of goodwill which they convey were doubtless offered in all sincerity; but a much more permanent value belongs to the enthusiasm which the Americans at large are said to have manifested. Everywhere the success of the undertaking is reported to have been hailed with tumultuous joy, and everywhere the cable is toasted, cheered, and serenaded as a pledge of peace. This, it may be said, is merely superficial. But many of the feelings which embitter the relations of the United States with England are merely superficial. The jealousy and dislike of the mother country which sometimes seem to run in every vein of the young nation, are fed by a supply of sheer commonplaces which obtrude themselves for want of something better to fill their room. Every American festivity, whether it be a public dinner, a temperance banquet, or a political meeting, has for one of its features the delivery of "sentiments" by the successive speakers. A string of these rhetorical platitudes invariably contains one or more references, direct

or indirect, to the Revolutionary War and the defeat of the hated Britisher. Now, nothing perhaps will ever quite convince the Americans that their War of Independence was not the crisis and turning-point of history, or that the little episode of 1812 was not at least equal in importance to the prolonged struggle of England with Republican and Imperial France. York Town, Saratoga, and New Orleans, WASHINGTON and JACKSON, may therefore be considered as destined to live in the United States as long as the art of rhetoric. It is a good deal, however, to have ensured that, among all these warlike symbols, the Atlantic cable must have a place. The youthful American acquires the accomplishment of producing "sentiments" before he has a beard or whiskers; and it is satisfactory to reflect that henceforward part of the lesson will consist in learning how to pronounce a neat panegyric on the Electric Telegraph and Peace.

The political importance of the Atlantic Telegraph has naturally attracted the attention of the English public; but there are some questions of another kind connected with it which will have to be discussed and settled. What, for example, is to be its effect on commercial speculation? Is it to be a mere monopoly, disarranging enterprise for the benefit of a few, or are its advantages to be equitably diffused among the whole trading community? So far as we can judge from present appearances, the number of separate private messages transmitted in a day will be comparatively few; and, unless some measure is taken for making public the commercial intelligence received from the other side of the Atlantic, there will of course be a hot race for priority among persons interested in the state of the American markets. We hear it asserted (with what truth, we do not profess to know) that among the Directors and principal shareholders are the representatives of many great firms which trade in American staples; nor need we be surprised that the motive attributed to them is the desire to secure precedence in the use of the wires. If it turns out to be possible for any one house, or set of houses, whether by influence in the Company or through the natural advantages of great capital, to get the start of rivals in the receipt of American prices current, we shall have a disturbing influence of prodigious force brought to bear upon the importing and manufacturing interests. The displacement will not, however, be a healthy one for commerce, for nothing is better established than that mere uncertainties, however they may promote speculation, are so much clear drawback on legitimate business. The best thing which could happen for the interest of the country in general is that the price of cotton at New Orleans, or of corn at New York, should be simultaneously known to every broker and trader in Liverpool or London. The subject ought surely to engage the attention of the Chambers of Commerce in the North. Why should not these bodies effect arrangements for receiving authentic intelligence of the American markets daily or oftener, and for publishing price-lists in all the important trading towns in the country? To such messages the Atlantic Telegraph Company might fairly allow priority. We are convinced, at all events, that the more impartial their dealing with the public at large, the greater will be their ultimate profits. The discontent occasioned to the many by any preference the Company may give, or may be the involuntary instrument of giving, will be proportioned to the advantage conferred on the few; and the many, in the long run, will find the means of getting rid of a monopoly, though it may be perfectly legal, and, on the surface, not immoral.

THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES.

THE affairs of the great world are still regulated with the smallest possible expenditure of wisdom, and the diplomacy of mighty nations is scarcely on a par in honesty and intelligence with the competing and repudiating policy of the notorious Railway Boards. Several of the Powers which have been for two years intriguing and squabbling about the Danubian Principalities obviously desired, under the pretext of providing administrative accommodation for the inhabitants, to secure for themselves a political traffic which is to the majority of the competitors utterly valueless. The control of the provincial government legitimately belonged to Turkey, while it was coveted by Russia. Austria was reasonably jealous of the intended encroachment; and France, which could under no circumstances profit by the transaction, was anxious to exercise, and especially to display, her influence

in the arrangements of the East. The English Government had, from the first, steadily kept in view the importance of maintaining the Ottoman Empire in its integrity, and by adding its weight to that of Austria in the negotiations, it has succeeded in maintaining the nominal separation of the Provinces; but the blind devotion of France to Russian interests has borne fruit in a compromise which is highly injurious to Turkey, and dangerous to the peace and prosperity of the Provinces. It is not improbable that the English Plenipotentiary may have shown himself more pliable and accommodating in consequence of Ministerial changes at home, and Mr. DISRAELI'S announcement that the Western Powers were acting in concert with respect to the Principalities seemed to indicate an intention of receding from the position which had been assumed by Lord PALMERSTON. Yet, as Lord ABERDEEN stated in the House of Lords at the commencement of his Administration, the foreign policy of England, although it may be occasionally modified in tone and in manner, never really varies in substance. To check Russia, to support Turkey, to countenance the defensive attitude of Austria, and if possible to render French caprice innocuous, must be the duty and the desire of every successive Minister. The decision of the Paris Conference is less mischievous than the nominal union of Moldavia and Wallachia would have been; but its consequences will probably impose on England the necessity of continuous watchfulness against the designs which the scheme is intended to favour.

If the diplomatists of Europe had felt the paradoxical enthusiasm which France and Russia professed for the freedom and good government of the Danubian Provinces, they would assuredly have preserved with sedulous care the formal and tolerant sovereignty of the Porte. Whatever may be the case with Russia, with Austria, or with France, Turkey entertains no prejudice against popular administration or against representative institutions. The packed Divans of last year may suggest a reasonable doubt of the working of Moldavian Parliaments, but the Ottoman Government would willingly have allowed every facility for the experiment which the Great Powers had determined to try. It was probable that the inhabitants of the Provinces would understand their own wants, and it was conceivable that they might elect legislative bodies competent to their task; but it is absolutely certain that in the choice of executive rulers the Divans or Assemblies will be exclusively governed by faction, by corruption, and most of all by foreign influence. No civilized State in the world entrusts to an elected body the nomination of the head of the State. In this respect, even the foolish French legislators of 1848 adopted the precedent which has been established by America, and in the most democratic English colonies the Governor is appointed by the Crown. The privilege which is nominally conferred on the Danubian Assemblies will be exercised at the dictation of the Consuls-General at Jassy and Bucharest, under the instruction of the respective Embassies at Constantinople. The Russian or Austrian partisan who is elected will commence his administration in avowed hostility to half his countrymen, and with the liability to repay his protector for the patronage which has raised him to office. The pretended responsibility of his Ministers to the legislative Assemblies affords a security which may be accurately estimated from the constitutional practice of the kingdom of Greece.

It is not too much to say that the majority of the Plenipotentiaries have deliberately resolved to impose on the Principalities the Government which in their opinion will be most hostile to Turkey, and at the same time most incapable of resisting foreign aggression. It is impossible to believe that Count WALEWSKI considers the Rouman population ripe for that freedom which is still rigorously withheld from France. Even the impudence and servility of the Parisian newspapers are strained when they are required to eulogize, as applicable on the Danube, institutions which they habitually denounce as unsuitable to the time and dangerous on the banks of the Thames. "Personal liberty" is, it seems, to be established in the Principalities at the bidding of a potentate who once a month sends a batch of political opponents without trial in chains to Cayenne. If the policy of France and Russia were really inconsistent, it would be useless to remark on a casual deviation into constitutional doctrines; but it is evident that their solicitude for representative government in Wallachia is utterly insincere and hollow. If the enlightened minority of the population should practically succeed in establishing free institutions, their efforts would excite bitter resentment among the despots, who only desire anarchy which may

facilitate interference. The chambers and constituencies of Greece have proved that representative forms may be made consistent with absolute monarchy, and with servile dependence on a foreign Power; and it is not unnaturally supposed that the Danubian provinces will exhibit a similar result. There is too much reason to fear that the calculation will be justified by the event, and yet it is possible that the hopes of diplomacy may be disappointed. If either of the assemblies which are to be called together chances to contain a patriotic majority, the national leaders will not fail to see that their interest requires them to draw closer and closer the bonds which connect them with Turkey. By disclaiming a foreign policy of their own, they will diminish the facilities for intrigue, and in the rights of their titular superior they will find the best security against the dictation of ambitious neighbours. Any really liberal party will not fail to invite and to receive the cordial sympathy of England. It is against the formation of a Russian province, and not against the establishment of a free community, that the efforts of the English Government have been directed.

The Montenegrin question, which has been embittered for similar purposes, appears for the present to be dormant, and the task of baffling Russian intrigues and French officiousness may in that quarter safely be left to the interested perspicacity of Austria. It is the duty of English statesmen steadily to keep in view the reasons which made a costly war preferable to connivance at the encroaching policy of NICHOLAS. Sentimental zeal for the predominance of Christianity in the East is altogether misplaced. There is no indigenous organization which can take the place of the ancient and tottering Empire which unites, in a bond daily growing laxer, so many heterogeneous races. The overthrow of the Porte means not the independence of the Slavonic Christians nor the supremacy of the ambitious Greeks. The inheritance of the sick man will not fall to the members of his household, but to the greedy claimants who are always waiting at the door.

Nor will the patient surrender his life and possessions without a desperate struggle. The Turks, who three centuries ago excited by their disciplined vigour the envy and admiration of Europe, are still, notwithstanding their actual degeneracy and their relative decline, the most warlike nation of the East. Few of their loud-tongued enemies have realized to themselves all that is implied in the difficult and dangerous revolution which they ostentatiously invoke. The religious zeal of France, though it figures in proclamations and in Imperial progresses, is scarcely equal to the revival of the crusading spirit of St. Louis; nor is it improbable that in the last extremity the Crescent might find a refuge in the politic magnanimity of the orthodox Czar. There are in the Turkish Empire some millions of Mussulmen who cannot be talked or journalized into annihilation. For the present, they are more or less perfectly controlled by the influence of Western civilization in the councils of their own national sovereign, and during the long reign of Lord DE REDCLIFFE they were gradually accustoming themselves to accept the reforms which they felt to be imposed by a friendly though imperious hand. As enemies, or as rebellious subjects of an intrusive Government, the Turks would be able, if not to recover their independence, at least to perpetuate anarchy in all parts of the Empire. The intrigues of Rhodes and of Montenegro are as shortsighted as they are mischievous; and unless Lord MALMESBURY can furnish a satisfactory explanation of the bombardment of Jeddah, the present Government of England must share in the guilt of a vexatious interference with the rights of the Porte.

BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW.

A VERY durable and important influence was very unconsciously brought to bear on English opinion when the *Times* (we believe it was the *Times*) first settled the now inflexible canon of journalism, that a metropolitan daily newspaper should never appear with less than three leading articles. We have not the least idea whence the rule came. Thirty years ago there was nothing like it in the English press; it was unknown to French journalism in its palmiest days; and we see no traces of it in the American papers. The newspaper press of France governed a kingdom for seventeen years, and the *Journal des Débats* was at the head of it; but on referring to a file of the *Débats* anterior to 1848, it will be found that the quantity of original matter it contained was entirely regu-

lated by the abundance of topics possessing public interest. On one day it appeared with seven leading articles—on another with none at all. The English rule does not give us any excess of public instruction when questions are plentiful, and when Parliament, the great provider of questions, is sitting; but at seasons like the present, when the world is holiday or harvest-making, and nobody considers anybody else's opinion worth listening to, it is no slight absurdity, and something of a public misfortune, that the ten London morning newspapers should regard themselves as under an obligation to supply three original essays every morning except Sundays. The consequences are, exactly as might be expected, an extreme tenuity of thought and an excessive platitudinousness of expression; and since commonplaces, like adversity, restore men to their natural equality, all the newspapers read exactly like each other. The *Times* loses its pointed diction and dexterity of argument, the *Daily News* its honesty and directness; and, if it were not that the penny papers are distinguished by material as well as intellectual thinness, so that the print shows through from the other side, and gives one the unpleasant impression that one is deciphering a palimpsest, we should read with impartial indifference the *Telegraph* or the *Times*, the *Daily* or the *Morning News*, the *Advertiser*, the *Post*, or the *Star*. It is very true that the cause of this is partially the dispersion of principal editors and leading contributors over continents and seas; but the grand source of it all is the paucity of subjects to write upon, and the consequent necessity of using the poorest materials—straw instead of straw.

We must admit we have sometimes thought that there is a journalistic Providence which has its period of activity in the autumn. One year it sent the Crimean war, the next the taking of Sebastopol, and again the Indian Mutiny. But this year the sweet little printer's devil which sits down below has as yet forgotten to take care of his own. Things look a little better since the Chinese peace made its appearance; but probably stagnation was never more hopeless than at the end of last week and the beginning of this. What wonderful reading just then were the London newspapers! Between the morning, evening, and weekly press, we think we read ten original essays, embodying a variety of general reflections, on the homicide at Acton. Our recollection of the great truths elucidated by the discussion is not as clear as it ought to be; but we believe we remember that the *Times* considered it imprudent to walk about with swordsticks, while the *Telegraph* applauded the verdict of that wonderful jury which, having no evidence before it except the statement of the accused, observed that it "gave him the benefit of the doubt" in his favour. It was startling, too, to find a dozen gentlemen all having distinct opinions on the massacre of Jeddah and the prospects of Islamism in the Arabian peninsula. *A priori*, one would have thought the subject somewhat difficult and obscure, but we find it made as distinct as daylight that Mahommedanism is perishing even at the central furnace of the faith. But perhaps the most curious illustration of the effect of the season on the journalistic view of events is furnished us by the Buckinghamshire confessional case. In itself, it is but a shabby sort of scandal compared with Mr. POOLE'S. Forceful entry into poor men's cottages, and injurious insinuations conveyed in a quotation from Scripture, are, we fear, peculiar to neither religious party, and it is only the cockneyism of our public writers which prevents their recognising some of the most ordinary characteristics of what in modern slang is styled a "well-visited" country parish. But the Belgravian case was really a great one. There was a public meeting, with lots of obscenity handed about on slips of paper, to be perused by gentlemen (exclusively) whom righteous indignation had chilled into moral icicles. There were even worse stories abroad, and stories, too, about people "in society." There were chances of getting up not only a sensation, but a mob. But then there was Parliament sitting. The ELLENBOROUGH debate was quite fresh, the Jew Bill was in suspense, and the Indian measure had still to be settled. So somehow little or nothing came of it, and the *Times* was satisfied to let off the Belgravian curates with the very sensible advice to test the tension of their system by trying it on middle-aged gentlemen. But just see the difference of treatment when a far inferior scandal presents itself in the Long Vacation. The *Advertiser* and *Telegraph*, which represent the Titus Oates element in English character, are writing of the downfall of Protestantism in England with the desperate calmness of absolute assurance. That eminent Christian professor, the *Examiner*, is aghast at the spiritual

peril. And the *Times*, dropping the polished steel with which it tickled Mr. POOLE'S ribs, assumes the bludgeon, and pounds the new offender to a jelly. "Tell it not to the brothers and fathers of England," &c. Alas! it is only in the Long Vacation that the leading journal emphasizes a sentence in this way. For ourselves, if we felt compelled to discuss these religious squabbles, we believe we should speculate on the mysterious law which seems to render it inevitable that only curates should get into this sort of scrape, and that rectors, in attempting to pull them out, should invariably make matters rather worse than before. Mr. GRESLEY, whom we remember in our childhood as a novelist endowed with the singular gift of writing stories without any plot to them, appears to have developed in later life an equally curious form of advocacy, which consists in admitting on behalf of his client the whole of the case which the prosecutors wish to establish.

The functions of journalism in countries like ours are pretty clearly defined. Ours is a free community, and requires a good supply of political information for the judicious exercise of its rights; but it is also a very busy community, and has much too little leisure to think on all the questions on which it is bound to form a judgment. For mercantile men absorbed in their speculations, for professional men given up to technical inquiries, and for idle men intent on their sports, the journalist manufactures opinions, or at all events works out that important stage in the production of thought which consists in clothing floating and immature ideas in the finished garb of words. It appears to us that the public, depending on its agents for this important service, suffers much more from having superficiality or flimsiness put off upon it, than from outrages on its morality or taste. Englishmen will always be comparatively on their guard against immorality or extravagance, but they reflect so little on matters lying outside the boundaries of their particular walk of life, that they are at the mercy of crudities and commonplaces. We cheerfully allow that the dangers to free government which arise from this source have been greatly neutralized since the extension of English liberty during the last thirty years, by the elevation of tone and gravity of thought by which the leading newspapers have concurrently learned to distinguish themselves. There is all the more reason, therefore, for looking with distrust on an arbitrary rule which necessitates the meagre discussion of topics unfit or unripe for treatment, and which depresses the two or three superior sets of writers to the level of the dozen or two scribblers who are only read because they are conventionally classed with men of another stamp.

THE DUDLEY COLLISION.

NOTHING less than some frightful catastrophe like that which has just occurred on the Oxford and Wolverhampton Railway suffices to call public attention to the preventable nature of the accidents to which travellers are constantly exposed. We are generally content to reckon up the percentage of casualties, and congratulate ourselves on the superior safety of railway locomotion over the ruder contrivances which steam has almost entirely superseded. But it is poor consolation to a man who has lost friends or relatives, or has himself suffered irreparable injuries, to know that a million others have been safely conveyed to their journey's end. Nor is it any excuse for the neglect that causes one collision to count up the number of trains which have been saved from destruction by proper precautions, or which have missed it by a stroke of good luck. It is idle to compare the lists of killed and wounded with the numbers who escape. The only just comparison is between the number of accidents that are strictly unavoidable and those which might have been prevented by reasonable care. In this view, the statistics which railway Directors are so fond of quoting furnish the most damning evidence against them. The accident, as it is called, at Brett Lane has already proved fatal to fifteen of the unfortunate excursionists, and it is still uncertain how many of the ninety who are reported as injured will survive the effects of the collision. It seems impossible to doubt that all this misery might easily have been prevented. Nothing happened to cause the accident which might not have been foreseen. A train of forty-five carriages, crowded with some 2000 men, women, and children, was despatched in the morning on a pleasure-excursion from Wolverhampton to Worcester and back.

Twice in the course of the outward journey the enormous weight of the train proved too much for the strength of the coupling-chains. Both of these mishaps were repaired before any serious mischief was done, but the double warning was of no avail. On the return journey, indeed, the train was divided, apparently on account of the accidents of the morning. But the portion which was first despatched still comprised twenty-nine heavily-laden carriages; and once more the coupling-chains broke, and left half the train on the slope of a steep incline without an engine to control it, and with nothing to hold it but a single break on the last carriage, which was too weak to prevent it from rolling back—gathering impetus as it rushed faster and faster to meet the second division of the train, which was known to be following at an interval of a quarter of an hour. No human power could avert the collision. With the useless break screwed down, and the danger-signal exhibited, the unmanageable carriages rolled on to destruction. The driver of the second train seems to have done all in his power to stop and reverse his engine, but before its course could be stayed, the descending carriages were upon it. In an instant they were smashed to fragments upon their living freight, with a crash described by one witness as having almost taken away his hearing at a distance of 200 yards. The next moment, 100 of the passengers, dead, dying, or wounded, lay buried in the ruins.

Can this be called accidental? If the train had not been too heavy for wood and iron to hold together, the separation of the carriages need never have occurred. Even supposing that there was no excessive rashness in sending twenty-nine carriages to be dragged up a steep incline, and that the breaking of the coupling-chains was a casualty for which no one was responsible, the insufficiency of the break-power supplied to a monster train like this seems to admit of no excuse. There ought to have been no difficulty in determining beforehand the number of breaks which would be sufficient to hold the train on any portion of the road it had to traverse; and except the paltry saving effected by employing one guard to do the work of several, no purpose could be served by committing the lives of 2000 passengers to what must have been known to be an inadequate protection. It has been proved over and over again to be possible to pull up a train going at express speed in a very few hundred yards; but without insisting on what may be thought a needless amount of precaution, it may surely be assumed that the breaks upon a train should always be sufficient to keep it at rest on the steepest gradient which it is intended to travel over. It is just as easy to do this with a heavy train as with a light one, and so far as the circumstances have yet transpired, this precaution seems to have been wantonly neglected, and the safety of the passengers staked exclusively on the strength of coupling-chains which had already given ample warning that they were not to be relied on. Whether the mischief was due to the defective regulations of the Company, or to the violation of prescribed rules, does not yet appear, but the frequency of accidents from the same cause renders it most important that the facts should be thoroughly sifted. It is recorded in the official Report for the half year ending at Christmas 1857, that in ten accidents out of eighty-one, the absence of a sufficient amount of break-power was commented on by the Inspectors, and in previous years the neglect of this obvious precaution was still more striking. The fatal collision at Lewisham, a year or so ago, would have been certainly prevented by the use of the powerful breaks which have been devised of late years, and several other recent accidents might have been avoided by the same means. Both from the serious consequences which have repeatedly followed from their own neglect, and from the superior caution in this respect practised in America and on the Continent, our railway managers must be fully aware of the vital importance of the precaution which they have so frequently and almost systematically neglected. Very few instances are recorded where the break-power has been so utterly inadequate as it appears to have been in the case of the unfortunate Worcester excursion train; and after so many accidents as have happened from the same cause, it is difficult to conceive what plausible excuse can be offered in palliation of so reckless a neglect of an essential safeguard.

It is not unreasonable to expect that, as experience is accumulated, the preventable accidents should bear a smaller and smaller proportion to those which are quite or nearly unavoidable. But this has not been the case. The accidents which have resulted from defective management have always been by far the most numerous class, and their number has shown of late a tendency to increase, both absolutely and in

proportion to the unavoidable casualties. Every proposed improvement is regarded more with reference to its cost or trouble than to the public safety, and a few pounds saved are made to balance the account against a few lives sacrificed. Thus it happens that new breaks are tried and approved without being put into use, and even the simple arrangements which have been proposed to effect a communication between the driver and the guard are rejected in practice by the very Directors who have pronounced them to be practicable and efficient. Perhaps, after all, the tendency of railway companies to postpone all other considerations to their financial interests will in the end work out its own remedy, and few will question the soundness of the policy recommended by the Committee who have just reported on the subject. To restrain Directors by express legislative enactments as to the details of their business would probably do more harm by diminishing their sense of responsibility than could be counterbalanced by the efficiency of any official regulations. It is the business of railway managers themselves to see to the safety of their passengers, and the way to prevent the carelessness which has too often been exhibited is not to transfer the duty of Directors to Government officers, but to visit every instance of default upon those who are guilty of it. In one sense, the law does this pretty effectually. Accidents are happily very costly affairs to the companies on whose lines they occur. The Lewisham collision is said to have cost 25,000*l.* in compensation alone, and no one will pity the Oxford and Wolverhampton Company if they are mulcted as severely.

Experience will, we hope, teach the Companies that it is good economy to incur a little extra outlay in preventing casualties which exercise so direct an influence on the rate of dividend; and the security which is not provided out of regard for the safety of passengers may be obtained when it is well understood to be a good investment. Should the pressure which the law already brings to bear prove insufficient, it may be a fair subject of inquiry why the prosecutions which are levelled at every driver or signal-man who neglects his duty should not occasionally be made to reach the superior authorities, whose ill-devised regulations and dangerous parsimony produce at least two-thirds of the accidents that occur.

THE SUBMISSION OF UTAH.

UTAH does not seem likely to rival Nauvoo or Moscow, and we are spared witnessing the shame or glory of a second Exodus. Whether BRIGHAM YOUNG is initiating a Transatlantic Hegira may be doubtful, but the solution of the Mormon difficulty reflects no extraordinary credit on the champions either of social order or of a pretended divine commission. As soon as the theocratic vicegerent of Heaven finds it necessary or convenient to resort to the very mundane policy of compromise, he is lost; and it seems probable that the bubble will burst rather by its intrinsic hollowness than by the rude assault of the vindicators of the majesty of the States. At first sight, the policy both of President BUCHANAN and of his predecessors may be thought chargeable with timidity and procrastination, and there are certainly considerations connected with the anti-Mormon expedition which detract somewhat from the vigour of the war administration of Washington. If it was necessary to despatch an armed force at all across the Sierra Nevada, it was at all events not necessary to march at the wrong season of the year, or to contract the strength of an invading army to that of an ill-found patrol. It may possibly turn out that there was some secret understanding between the PRESIDENT and the mass of the Mormon population, and that General JOHNSTON's army was all along only a mask for Colonel KANE's more substantial interference. But at the first blush of the matter there is little on which to congratulate either the army or the diplomacy of the sovereign people. It seems to have been strongly felt that any alternative short of an actual assault on the City of the Salt Lake would be accepted as an adequate solution of a difficulty formidable more in its consequences than in its actual importance. The first precedent of what can only by a very fine and metaphysical distinction be distinguished from a civil war was worth averting by a surrender of dignity on the part of a distracted Confederation, and after the Cabinet of Washington had condescended to the questionable principle of affecting to merge the prophet in the constitutional deputy, it was not necessary to be squeamish in accepting for perhaps more than it was worth the form of a Mormon submission. As far as YOUNG is concerned, he pro-

bably was debarred from choice in the matter. His prætorian guard of the Danite Legion is useful rather for personal than political uses; Mamelukes and Strelitzes are more valuable to surround a palace than to repel an invasion; and the whole fighting force of Utah seems shrunk to most contemptible dimensions, if we are to trust the authentic information of another "Own Correspondent" of the *Times* who has turned up so opportunely in the Utah valley.

Perhaps the most remarkable fact ascertained is that the settled Mormon population does not exceed 35,000 persons; and it is melancholy to reflect what an enormous sacrifice of life this anomalous community has occasioned to the human race. The investment must have cost the Old World at least six times this amount of population; and while perhaps it was necessary that some extraordinary and abnormal influence should introduce a European stock, with its industry and some of the arts and habits of civilization, into the inclement climate and sterile lands of the Far West, yet the history of the first Mormon settlement will always be exceptional. Persecution has heretofore launched the progenitors of communities now thriving on equally inhospitable shores. The zeal of missionaries, the greed of trade, or political convulsions have peopled the icy wastes of Labrador and the difficult rocks of Thule. But Mormonism alone has picked up individual proselytes from higher forms of faith, from better climates, and from many of the associations of refined society. It now remains to be seen whether fanaticism or some deep social evil was at the root of the answer which so many thousands of Europeans made to the Mormon emissaries. If the latter, Mormonism is likely enough to become soon extinct with the death of its leaders. It will form a strange episode in the history of the human mind, but the world will probably be the gainer. In a coarse form, and unconsciously, it has exhausted and refuted certain social theories. It has proved—and hence its value as a contribution to the progress of the race—that an attempt to break down the laws of individual property is soon merged in an abominable and selfish tyranny; and the interference of the States has only prevented a rising from within, which sooner or later must have broken out against a theocracy that had even deeper evils than its immoral and sanguinary Executive. We may learn from Mormonism what the middle ages learned—though they did not acknowledge their teachers—from the successive risings, half religious, half political, against society, which, under various names, appeared in France, Germany, and England. The Albigensians of Languedoc and the Brethren of the Free Spirit would probably, under other conditions of the world, have sought a home in the wilderness, had it been accessible seven hundred years ago to dissent and craving after fresh fields.

It becomes an interesting speculation whether BRIGHAM YOUNG will sink into the placeman, or whether he is really meditating another experiment on human credulity. A luxurious life is not the school in which an impostor will learn to try a second attempt at emigration, or to burn his capital. The prestige of Mormonism must have been more than rudely shaken by the entrance of the force, small as it was, of General JOHNSTON; and it is probable that the Prophet did not venture upon an engagement with the Gentiles only because he had sufficient sense to persuade himself of the hopelessness of the attempt. If this is the true account of the pacification of Utah, it proves the utter failure of the polity of the Latter-Day Saints. Ten years of polygamy have disgusted the people; and even such experience as they had had of civilization was enough to show them that they had everything to lose by adherence to the Prophet, and something to gain in the exchange to the citizenship of the States. Under this view, which probably was communicated to Washington, President BUCHANAN is unquestionably right in adding to the settled population of the States a body of men remarkable at least for their industry, and whose strange life is a sufficient guarantee for their earnest and patient adherence to what may be, in the case of the majority of the emigrants, only a virtue misapplied. At any rate, we have been spared a very miserable martyr. Had BRIGHAM YOUNG perished in battle, he would have won a sort of dignity for a name which is now contemptible as well as infamous. He will either sink into insignificance or bring himself within reach of the law; and though it is not for his own sake that we trust he may escape the scaffold, it is more than possible that some contemptible brawl, or the righteous indignation of one of his victims, may yet avenge crimes which are rather against

humanity than against the State. Treason is the least of the sins which the Mormon elders have to expiate. The abandonment of Nauvoo—the martyrdom, such as it was, of JOSEPH SMITH—were elements in the Mormon success which would have been as nothing compared with even an abortive attempt at heroism on the part of BRIGHAM YOUNG; and President BUCHANAN has done wisely in avoiding a conflict which, if it had pleased the fire-eaters of New York, must in any event have been a gain to the Mormons. To Perkin-Warbeckize a pretender is the best, because not the most spirited, policy.

LANDOR'S CONVERSATIONS NOT IMAGINARY.

"CALL no man happy before his death"—it does not require one of the Seven Sages to prove the apophthegm. We all know both the picture and the possibility of a happy old age; but it is remarkable how seldom this choicest blessing of life attends a literary reputation. Is it that there is something in the wear and tear of great intellectual excitement which prevents the sun setting in a golden haze? Of Mr. Savage Landor's contemporaries few have passed into the calm and mellow evening of life, surrounded by the love of family and the reverence of friends, and in the happy consciousness of well-spent days. The last years of his especial friend and contemporary, Southey, were clouded by that fatal and benumbing disease which brought Scott and Swift to a premature dotage. Moore's fate was the same. Byron died, as he lived, in a moral storm. Few would choose the homeless and cheerless life of Coleridge; and still fewer would select it as a pattern for the guide and philosopher of mankind to exhibit in his own person. Wordsworth among past, and Humboldt among present celebrities, are exceptions to the rule which seems to make it the fate of genius seldom to attain that euthanasia which is so often accorded to ordinary men. But it is better that the vases of finest porcelain should be shattered than hopelessly defiled. The most melancholy of moral abasements is that of a hoary and lecherous old man. Filth and obscenity are never so unnaturally nauseous as from the chattering lips of age, and a tottering and toothless satyr generally keeps his foul life and conversation to himself and his associates. Mr. Walter Savage Landor, we fear, has only lost the negative virtue of concealing his natural temper. Vice is not learned at eighty-five. Shamelessness is the result and consequence of moral causes—the rotten fruit of Gomorrah implies a long and steady growth in impudicity. The miserable old man who has to pay 1000*l.* for as foul and detestable a libel as was ever written in human language is utterly without excuse. No plea for failing intellect can be urged in the case of the writer of epigrams as terse, and vigorous, and pointed as ever characterized his best days. The man's mind was never keener, nor his powers of expression ever more happy. But who can conceive an octogenarian Lucian, or an Aretin at the age of a great-grandfather? It is only by an effort of the mind, and from the prosaic report of the assizes, that one can understand that Walter Savage Landor is really among the sons of men, and was last year in the constant habit of dining in a respectable clergyman's family at Bath. There has always been a mystery about the man. His works, like his life, are apart from ordinary social conceptions. His has always been a seclude, estranged existence. Like another famous recluse who thought proper, if not to defy public opinion, at least to challenge unfavourable conclusions in that very city of Bath, he has lived a Hermit-Sybarite life. England and its properties were not for Beckford and Landor. The lord of Lantony made Florence his home; and, while a constant and caustic observer of all that passed in his country and in Europe—their politics, their literature, and their social progress—he never betrays sympathies, or gives the impression that he recognised personal duty in the great circle of things which he knew and studied so well. One can scarcely understand that Landor was born of the same flesh and blood as ourselves. He ranges so completely over all history and all times—flings himself so thoroughly into events and modes of thought so various and so distant—so intimately identifies himself in his *Imaginary Conversations* with every solidity and weakness, with the majesty alike and the infamy of mankind, that one thinks of him rather as an influence than a person. It is as if Mephistopheles were to take to publishing, or the Accuser of the Brethren to send to Mr. Longman his note-book of experiences of many cities and many men. We take up Mr. Landor's books as we do those of Lucian or Voltaire; but we never expect to meet him in Pall Mall, or think of him as a possible jurymen, or an actual freeholder and landlord here in England. We look at him as a literature—as an old Pagan curiosity—rather than one who has a living work to do, a Sparta to adorn, and a Christian life to satisfy.

This we believe to be the key to Mr. Landor's character. His writings all bear the stamp of the old mocking Paganism. He has studied and lived in antiquity so completely that he has saturated himself with its spirit. He laboriously and carefully constructs his essays, and poems, and epigrams, merely as works of art. He throws himself into the classic spirit—tries to think how the old Satirists would have thought and written under certain circumstances—sets their part, and assumes their very being. Living in others, he has obliterated his own consciousness. Mr.

Landor takes some real or fancied offence, and his first thought is—"Horace, or Martial, or Catullus, would have felt in some such way as this under similar circumstances—would have said something very beastly and abominable. I will see if I cannot say what I know they would have said; I know all the Greek Anthology—or Coprology as it ought to be called—by heart; I will try whether my criminous iambs cannot be quite as fierce and quite as disgusting as those old dirty hendecasyllables. Of course it is easy for me, who have it all at my fingers' ends, to say what they said of Sappho, or Lyce, or Canidia; my cento, having the advantage of collations and experience, may perhaps be fouler and fiercer." And we must do Mr. Landor the bare justice to say that he has beaten the *In Anum putidam, In Mæcham arrogantem*. We never remember to have read anything quite so bad as his verses on Mrs. Yescombe; and it seems we have been spared even worse. A libel exists so unutterably fetid and loathsome that even the prosecutor, for the credit of human nature, declined to place it on the record. And, as though to aggravate the loathsome offence, the family whom he thought proper to treat with this inhuman and unspeakable outrage had been his intimate friends. A lady who had treated Mr. Landor with unwearied—and in his case it must have been most disinterested and painful—kindness, was his victim, and the charges against her were not only of the meanest and most pitiful dishonesty, but of the most unnatural and immoral turpitude. Not that there was the shadow of a ground, or the faintest or remotest trace of justification or probability, for the accusation. It was only that Mr. and Mrs. Yescombe had offended Mr. Landor. They had—if we rightly interpret certain allusions made in the course of the trial—withdrawn an object from his indecent solicitations or his questionable intimacy; and they then became the victims of his sweltering venom and prurient satire. Very likely, as we have said, to Mr. Landor's mind, they were only lay figures for him to hang on all the filthy insinuations, all the lying metaphors, and all the garbage which he had stored up in his too retentive memory. But this only makes the man worse. He seems to be a sort of Undine of the stews—utterly without a soul himself, and therefore incapable of understanding that there is a soul in the world. There is method in all this. Not an attempt was made by the counsel for the defence to show that he was mad; the libels themselves disproved imbecility; and Mr. Landor, whose genius and acquirements might have made him a national boast, will sink into a dishonoured grave as the man who publicly offered a reward for assassination, and who has committed a crime infinitely worse than assassination. He will be remembered as one who, if not the wisest and brightest, has won literary honours among the wisest and brightest, but who as certainly deserves, infinitely more than Bacon did, the distinction of being saluted as the meanest of mankind.

MYSTERY OF MYSTERIES.

A LADY once suggested that, in our modern rage for competitive examinations, it would be a good thing to have a Professor of *Bradshaw's Guide*, and at this holiday-making time of year many persons must feel the wisdom of the proposal. The phrase which we have prefixed to this article was certainly not more appropriate to the "faintly-smiling Adeline" than to the unromantic little volume which lies before us. Till very lately, passive submission to it was our only course. There was no escape from the little jaundiced tyrant, with its hideous array of small print. Indeed, by long practice we had begun to acquire a sort of knack in its manipulation. Particular pages began to offer more or less instruction, and some few of the wonderful ins and outs of the spider's web had, like the heroines of novels, disclosed to us the secret of their existence. Within the last two or three months a rival has arisen, called the *Intelligible Guide*, and has held out hopes of emancipation somewhat confusing to minds beginning to feel almost at home in the old familiar slavery. It is worth while to look a little into the pretensions of the rival claimants to our allegiance; and we may remark that, whatever may be the merits of the question, the competition is a very solid advantage to the public, for *Bradshaw* has unquestionably bestirred himself to mingle interest with instruction since he found that he was to have a brother near the throne.

To begin at the beginning, there can be no doubt at all that in one, if not two important particulars, *Bradshaw* has a decided advantage. Yellow is a better colour than pale stone blue, and *Bradshaw's Guide* is a thousand times over a better name than the unpronounceable, unsatisfactory title of the *Intelligible Guide*. No man has a right to fill his neighbours' mouths with slipshod half-Latin chips like that. The publisher has the advantage of a sturdy monosyllabic name. "Kent's Guide" would have been straightforward, and would have saved no less than four simpering syllables. *Bradshaw*, moreover, though thicker than the *Intelligible*, takes up less room. Railway advertisements, however profitable to the publisher, have usually only a limited interest for the reader; and for our own part we prefer having them in a lump at the end of the book (where they form a useful reserve of waste paper) to the practice of adding an extra inch or two at the top of a page of type, so as to interrupt us, in studying the route from Stockport to Staleybridge, by information

about "Nathaniel Gould and his brother, Tea-dealers." Here, however, the outward and visible advantages of *Bradshaw* cease. The *Intelligible* appears to us to be far more legibly printed than its rival. The numerals are far more distinct, and, to the great comfort of the reader they have heads and tails (1858 instead of 1858), which, as every one knows who has ever used a table of logarithms, is a very great relief to the eye. Moreover, those dreadful pages which most of us know and read, in which all the departures on the North-Western and other leading lines are crowded together in *Bradshaw*, are divided into two commodious parts in the *Intelligible*. At page 74 of the July *Bradshaw*, there are no less than thirty-two columns. In the *Intelligible* there are only sixteen. In a good many of the thirty-two columns there are no dots to carry on the eye, so as to show which entry in the next column answers to the station. Thus, train No. 19 leaves London at 11'45; it gets on pretty well till it reaches Rugby; but then comes the Trent Valley line, as to which its doings are not represented by mere dots, but by a zigzag line, thus |. The consequence is, that in train No. 20 it is hard to say which stations the figures just beyond the zigzag correspond to. To add to the indistinctness of these pages, the number of the page is most imperfectly marked. The margin is often cut so close as nearly to cut it off; and it is printed in such a manner that the eye has to look for it, and never catches it. In the *Intelligible*, on the contrary, every division has its number printed in the most prominent place and in the most staring figures. The *Intelligible* has, however, a far more important advantage than any of these over its rival. In almost every case it gives the fares in a very plain manner, and in a very conspicuous place. This is a great convenience. We must, however, observe that, though room is reserved for them, they are not entered in all cases. This is the case on the East Lancashire, and also on the Lancashire and Yorkshire lines. Nothing can be more capricious than the principle (if any) on which the fares are given or omitted in *Bradshaw*. There is, we think, some improvement in this point in the last number or two; but in a very large proportion of cases they are entirely passed over. The maps of the *Intelligible* are also much more conveniently planned than *Bradshaw's* map. They divide the country into various sections, which overlap in such a manner that, by a little contrivance, it is always possible to see all the neighbourhood and dependencies of any given place. Sheffield, for example, is in the corner of map B, so that its northern connexions do not appear; but it is nearly in the middle of map E, which fully shows its relative position. The map in *Bradshaw* may be a very good one; but to open it, if there is any wind, is equivalent to losing or tearing it; and to fold it up again whilst travelling is all but impossible.

These are minor matters. The grand difference of principle between *Bradshaw* and the *Intelligible* consists in their treatment of branches. *Bradshaw* inserts them bodily in the same page as the main line. The *Intelligible* gives each of them a division to itself. On the North-Western, for example, the turnings of any one train in *Bradshaw* are enough to make the head swim. The 6:15 train, for instance, from London, gets to Bletchley at 7:25. The next entry is Dudley—12:0—with a cross reference to page 100. From Rugby we go down the Trent Valley, which takes us to Stafford, then we go back to Rugby, and get on to Birmingham and Wolverhampton, though brackets on opposite sides of the names—one with "Stour Valley" on it, and the other marked "Birmingham and Stafford"—mystify us considerably. Then occur dark hints about Shrewsbury, Stoke, and Macclesfield. Then we go back to Stafford, and go on to Crewe, and there begin a set of mysteries which it seems rash to attempt to unravel. The entries are as follows:—

Crewe Junct.	90, 95	10'40
For intermediate stations between Crewe and Manchester, and Crewe and Chester, see p. 90.		
Stockport	89, 88	11'45
Huddersfield	88 ar.	1'18
Leeds	88 "	2'20
M'chtr (L. Rd. ar.)		12'0
Chester	93, 92, 28 a.	11'35
Holyhead	93 ar.	3'0
Hartford		11'2

We should like to set an intelligent foreigner to guess from this what is the next station to Crewe. Turning to the *Intelligible Guide*, we get the following result. The trains are first of all traced to Rugby. Then follows a column of names setting forth the termini of, and the principal places on, the different lines which branch off from Rugby. Thus we find—

Reach	Crewe	231	10'40
	Manchester	257	12'0
	Leeds	295	2'20

and on turning to the divisions indicated by the numbers 231, 257, and 295 we find plain directions as to the route. Nothing can be more calculated to mislead a person who is not well acquainted with the localities than the broken-backed method, or rather absence of method, with which the different branches are jumbled together in *Bradshaw*.

Perhaps the best tests of method are the little difficult points that arise in out-of-the-way places. We will accordingly compare the two guides in one of these cases. A person wants

to get from East Retford to Lincoln—a journey of little more than twenty miles along a straight road. This would seem a sufficiently easy problem, and the *Intelligible Guide* certainly treats it in a very simple manner. Taking one train as an illustration, we get the following:—

Retford	7:30
Leverton	7:43
Cottam	7:49
Torksey	7:53
Saxilby	8:4
Lincoln	8:15

This is the same problem in terms of *Bradshaw*:—

Retford	7:4
Nottingham
Peterboro'
London
Retford	dep. 7:30
Leverton	7:43
Cottam	7:49
Torksey	7:53
Retford	dep. ...
Sturton
Gainsborough
Saxilby	8:4
Lincoln	8:15

The second of these arrangements reminds us of the Flying Moor, in Bon Gaultier's Ballads, who bewildered the Spanish knight by vaulting over his head:—

In a knot himself he ties,
Dreadful with his head appearing
In the middle of his thighs,
Till the petrified spectator
Asks, in undisguised alarm,
Where may be that warrior's body,
Which is head and which is arm?

How in the world is a man to know which of the three Retfords in *Bradshaw* is the one he wants? He probably never heard of those illustrious villages Leverton, Cottam, and Torksey, in the whole course of his life, and he may even be equally in the dark about Sturton and Gainsborough. How is he to know whether his train leaves at 7:4 or at 7:30? and how can he tell what is meant by the intrusion of Nottingham, Peterborough, and London into the column to which his attention is directed? No doubt, if he looks at a map, he will find that at Retford the Great Northern on its way to York intersects the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire line on its way to Grimsby and Hull. He will also find that if he wants to go to Grimsby, his road will lie by Sturton and Gainsborough, but that if he is bound for Lincoln he will have to go through Leverton, Cottam, Torksey, and Saxilby; and what *Bradshaw* means to say is, that the train which arrives at Retford from Manchester does not meet a southern train on the Great Northern, nor does it go to Gainsborough, and so to Hull (though from another part of the column it would appear that it does); but it does go to Saxilby and Lincoln. That is what Lord Burleigh means to convey—that is the mystery of the wonderful history, and the way to find it out. We confess we think that in this cardinal point the *Intelligible* beats *Bradshaw*; but these things are to a great extent matters of faith, and we should not like to be dogmatic. We ought, in justice to *Bradshaw*, to observe that he gives certain skeleton abridgments of the main lines which look extremely convenient, and to which, so far as we know, the *Intelligible* has nothing that corresponds.

MAZZINI'S LAST MANIFESTO.

AT no time within our memory have the chains of despotism been so firmly riveted, and the cause of liberty so effectually discouraged on the Continent, as at the present moment. The attempts of Pianori and Orsini in France, and the triumph of the Neapolitan Government over the conspirators who seized the *Cagliari*, have done more to strengthen the hands of despotic rulers than any efforts of their own could have effected. The atrocity of the means to which the Mazzini party are ready to resort, and the perpetual failure of the miserable *émeutes* which they conceive it to be their mission to get up, have effectually disgusted and estranged the hearts of all rational lovers of freedom. Mazzini, with his crew of assassins and conspirators, has rightly become an object of aversion to the friends of constitutional liberty, and the hopes of better times are thwarted by the wicked and stupid excesses of those who arrogate to themselves the lead of the revolutionary party. If anything could teach such zealots to appreciate the ruin they have brought on the cause which they affect to have at heart, the miserable results of their abortive plots would keep them silent for very shame. But shamelessness is the essence of their being, and it is now of all times that Mazzini has the audacity to promulgate a new manifesto. He speaks with the tone of a general who has worthily conducted a war of liberation. He claims the allegiance and the aid of the great popular party whose name he has disgraced and whose hopes he has frustrated. Without expressing a shadow of regret for the mischief he has succeeded in doing, he bids his followers preach a holy crusade of liberty in the names of Pianori and Orsini; and he begs for fresh contributions, to be employed, we suppose, as before, in con-

spiracies ingeniously designed to bring the bravest of the revolutionary party to scaffolds and dungeons, which the folly, if not the wickedness, of such attempts deserves.

The circular which is the last exponent of Mazzinian principles is addressed to the "Section du Parti d'Action en Suisse." It is embellished with the usual amount of grandiloquent platitudes current with the party, but it affects a much more practical character than the usual run of these documents. It sketches the course of the insurrectionary campaign, which is assumed to be imminent, with as much coolness as if its author were the trusted general of a patriot army, instead of being a skulking fomentor of idle *émeutes*, in which the lives of more devoted men are sacrificed without remorse and without the faintest prospect of advantage to the cause of which he is the self-elected leader. With a great parade of political sagacity, the agitator begins by demonstrating that Italy is the battle-field where the standard of nationality must first be raised, and that the enemies of despotism throughout the world would best serve the especial ends of each section of the brotherhood by concentrating all their energies in the establishment of Italian freedom. There is nothing very new in these announcements. They have been the staple of the hundreds of proclamations and circulars which Mazzini employs himself in concocting for the encouragement of men who fight while their chief is preaching. But the next principle of action which the circular proclaims is, perhaps, considering from whom it proceeds, the choicest specimen of impudence that ever was exhibited even by a professional agitator. There are, we are told with some truth, only two camps in Europe—liberty on the one side, despotism on the other. Between the two camps the question is declared to be one of war. Then comes the exposition of Mazzini's tactics. "War is not carried on by single combats along the whole extent of the line, but it necessitates a concentration of all the forces on a given point in order to conquer there. We do not want *émeutes*, we want a revolution. We do not want ten contests, we want one battle." Really this is too much from the man who is answerable for all the petty outbreaks in which the life and spirit of the revolutionary party have been crushed out of them. No more emphatic condemnation of Mazzini's whole political life could be pronounced than is contained in these words of his own. How has he carried out his professed policy of concentrating the whole strength of the Liberal party on one great effort for emancipation? The wicked attempt at insurrection in Genoa against the only Italian Government which is based on freedom is one specimen of Mazzini's course of action. The insane raid from the *Cagliari*, which has ended in consigning Nicotera and his associates to the dungeons of Naples, is an admirable illustration of the policy which condemns *émeutes* and partial contests. The abortive plots of Pianori and Orsini, which have disgusted Constitutionalists who recoil from the crime of assassination, are specimens of the tact with which Mazzini and his friends seek to unite in one all the enemies of despotism. The whole life of the man has been devoted to the concoction of a series of ineffective risings and cowardly plots of assassination; and now he tells his dupes (if any remain faithful to him) that he is the champion of a revolution, and not the organizer of paltry *émeutes*. Almost in the same sentence he bids his emissaries remind the French of "the debt of honour" which they owe to the country of Pianori and Orsini, and seems utterly unconscious of the contrast between the actions of which he boasts and the policy that he pretends to advocate.

But the inconsistency is easily explained without giving Mazzini credit for any wavering in his principles. The circular is the herald of the begging-box, and the magiloquent appeal to the people of all nations to make one united struggle for emancipation is only the appropriate introduction to the prayer for contributions from France and Hungary and Switzerland to the failing treasury of the Italian exiles. Here is the key-note of the new song:—"It is the duty and interest of all to take care that our action triumphs. For this we want means. We are engaged in collecting them. Our brethren of other nations ought to assist us in this. In subscribing to our insurrectional fund they will subscribe to the success of the battle for all." It is scarcely conceivable that this game can succeed any longer. Surely, by this time, the wildest enthusiasts must have seen how suicidal a policy they have pursued by placing in the hands of a conspirator like this the means of bringing fresh disgrace and new reverses on the popular cause. He boasts that he "has given pledges enough to be believed when he says that he will act." His pledges are the lives of the brave and misguided men whom he has not been ashamed to sacrifice, but whom he has not dared to lead. He may boast of having thwarted to the utmost of his power the efforts of the Constitutional party which adheres to Piedmont, and sees in the one free Italian State the nucleus from which liberty may grow till it embraces the whole Peninsula. He may point to the King of Naples, seated more firmly than ever on his throne by the idle attacks that have been directed against him. And he may pride himself, too, on the ignoble care with which he has kept himself out of danger to direct fresh enterprises and bring renewed disasters on those who are weak enough to be deluded by his words. These are the pledges which he offers to win the contributions of the malcontents of all nations. It is, we repeat, scarcely possible that the delusion can last much longer. The only marvel is that such a man should have been capable of the influence which he has unfortunately exercised.

The present apparent triumph of despotism is mainly due to the exertions of its enemies. It may seem strange at first sight that a tyrant with such feeble resources as the King of Naples should have stood so long against the deep and just hatred of all but the lowest rabble in his dominions. But Mazzini is the explanation of Ferdinand. Nothing but the repeated failure of miserable plots, and the sacrifice of the bravest of the revolutionary party in hopeless and therefore inexcusable outbreaks, could have so broken the spirit of the real friends of freedom as to make them powerless to resist the cruelties of their oppressor. Without such men as Mazzini to foment futile risings, the game of the Neapolitan Court could scarcely have been played with much prospect of success. But every wretched affair like the *Cagliari* attempt is a godsend to the King. Whatever may have been Mazzini's part in it, we do him no injustice in attributing the whole responsibility to his machinations. He is the one great fomentor of the series of paltry *émeutes* which have thrust back the hopes of all the friends of Italy, and indefinitely postponed, if not finally defeated, her chances of emancipation. It is to be hoped that his day is past, and that Italians will learn from his discomfiture to place their trust in worthier leaders.

NETLEY HOSPITAL.

BEFORE the fall of Sebastopol, Lord Panmure bethought himself of providing a suitable building for the reception of sick and wounded men from the army, to replace the miserable casemates at Chatham, where at present a grateful country receives its invalids, if not with open arms, at least with open arches, neither so roomy nor so comfortable as those under the Adelphi in which the youthful thieves of the metropolis find nightly shelter. The intention was a good one, but, like other good intentions, with which a certain place is said to be paved, it appears likely to lead to very sorry results. Unfortunately, Ministers cannot build hospitals by putting on wish-caps. Like all other War-Office proceedings, the project in question had to begin from below, and to work its way up to the top—commencing with the now happily defunct Army Medical Department, and receiving there that mark of incapacity which it is likely to carry on its forehead in all time to come. Between the Barrack Department and the Army Medical Department, the matter was so managed that one of the dampest districts in England was selected. Then the banks of a tidal estuary were pitched upon, with, as it appears, ten square miles of mud exposed at low water, on which to place the new building. To complete the folly, in a district with a gravelly soil, where there happen to be some two or three acres of clay-land, this is the spot chosen, where the hospital is being reared.

The plan is as bad as the site. It is incapable of economical and efficient administration; it is constructed on bad sanitary principles; and altogether it will involve the country in an enormous and unnecessary annual cost. Public opinion has never ceased from the first to raise its voice, in and out of the House of Commons, against such a wasteful and worse than useless expenditure of money; but, with a perversity peculiar, as we have hitherto believed, to the sister isle, the War Department took no steps to inquire into the allegations until the building was all raised above the ground. After the evil was done, a Committee was appointed (on which were several members of the original Committee which selected the site and planned the hospital), and most diligent inquiry was made to ascertain how the evil could have been prevented. A few amendments were introduced into the plans; but, unlike Mahomet and the mountain, the building could neither be got away from the shores of Southampton Water, nor could the ten square miles of mud by any means be got away from the building, and there they both are until this day, "to witness if I lie." In an unlucky hour, Lord Panmure referred the matter anew to a Commission of which Mr. Sidney Herbert is chairman. It so happened that the Royal Commission on the Sanitary State of the Army had just completed its labours; and this new Commission—deeply imbued, as it appears, with the undeniably correct principles of hospital construction and administration propounded by the Royal Commission—made short work indeed of Netley. They completely scattered it to the winds, and sent their Report and criticisms to General Peel as a *bonne bouche* shortly after his accession to office.

The new Minister appears to have been in what, in the language of nurserymaids, is called "a great taking" about it. And he therefore called together the old and defunct original Committee, to whom he transmitted Mr. Sidney Herbert's confidential report; and this Committee, apparently also in a state of great alarm, called to its aid geologists, chemists, engineers, medical men, and quasi-sanitarians, of whom experience shows that a certain proportion are always ready to help any one out of a scrape. These very learned and benevolent individuals forthwith responded cordially to the summons of the Committee; and the result of the whole is a Blue Book of some two hundred pages, containing an account of the descent, birth, and early rearing of Netley Hospital, with a tremendous castigation of all those who have presumed to think that there is anything illegitimate in it. The bantling was, at that time, as we ascertain, only five feet above ground, and these learned men not only find no reason why it should not be allowed to grow to its full height, but

think that those who ever maintained any idea to the contrary may fairly be charged with child-murder. To their verdict are prefixed General Peel's instructions, as a kind of charge to the jury. He states fairly enough the objections raised by Mr. Sidney Herbert's Commission, and he asks for a delivery *upon* them; but at the same time, he asks, in the most unmistakable manner, a delivery *from* them.

When a Minister asks for excuses, we may be very sure they will be found. Indeed, it is wonderful what may be done in this line. For 1000*l.* of public money (the inquiry from first to last has cost but this) a Minister may have on very short notice 200 pages of excuses. We are reminded of the grain of mustard-seed, which indeed is the least of all seeds, but it becomes a great tree, and birds live in its branches. The excuse upon which Netley could be continued was the least of all excuses, but 70,000 pounds sterling have been lodged in its branches, and voted by the House of Commons this year, and about half a million will, it is supposed, be the aggregate vote of many years before it is completed. As for the quality of the apologetic argument, we must ask our readers to judge for themselves by the following specimens. Of the referees to whom Government committed the task of procuring what was wanted, we have one gentleman, an army medical officer, who informs us he has been at Madras, and has come home in charge of invalids, and that *therefore* he is qualified to judge in England of the climate suitable for Indian invalids. We may say at once that this cruelly ill-used word *therefore*, is required to play an entirely new part in this Report. It is ignominiously made simply equivalent to *à propos de bottes*. Another gentleman among the referees—and this time it is a civilian geologist—tells us that the whole of the banks of Southampton Water, on which Netley is situated, are of gravel, and are self-draining, but that just where the hospital is being built, there are two or three acres of clay—not "London clay," but "brick-earth." The "*therefore*" to this information is supplied this time by the Netley Committee. It appears to be that among any given hospital sites, where we have all England to choose from, three acres of clay are to be sought for in the midst of miles of gravel. Another authority, a chemist, detects sulphuretted hydrogen gas in the mud opposite Netley, but informs us that, although the sewage of Southampton is *not* to be detected in the water of the estuary at Netley, yet he is told that this sulphuretted hydrogen is imputable to "ships' sewage"—the "ships" being some poor innocent barges occasionally moored opposite the hospital site—and he appears to believe it. We have another who attaches great value to the ages recorded on the tombstones near Netley, as a proof of the longevity and health of its inhabitants; yet we are told that the population is all emigrant, and that the people who die there are not those who have lived there. "*Therefore*" Netley is healthy. The same gentleman is much in love with both the climate of the locality, and the proposed construction of the hospital; yet he tells us that the former is only fit for consumption, and the latter is deficient both in light and air, in both of which assertions we believe him to be entirely right. "*Therefore*," say the Netley Committee, the site is a good one, and the hospital structure excellent. Defend us from our friends! What worse has Netley's worst enemy said than all this?

Again, we have a fine sentimental flourish about the "*Medicina Mentis*," and the sovereign cure which the soldier is to find in the "view" from Netley Hospital! We are aware that the sailor can hardly recover out of sight of his sea and his ships. We have also heard an old saw (the proverb is somewhat musty), that one man's meat is another man's poison. Here the soldier is to recover by the sight of a ship, as the sailor, we suppose, is restored by the sight of a camp. Would it not be advisable to bestow Haslar Hospital upon the military invalids, and to send the sick sailors to Aldershot? Another of these gentlemen announces the singular proposition that in planning a hospital we can only consider what is best for the majority. Such being the principle, we would ask for *what* majority? For fifty plus one out of every hundred, or fifty plus two? And how many are to die from not having the best chances afforded them for recovery? Is it to be forty-nine, or only forty-eight out of the hundred? In order to enable us to understand this curious principle, we should at least have the percentage of patients given whose recovery is *not* to be considered in building a hospital. What should we think of a surgeon who told us that he did not profess to consider that his operations were to be performed in a way to benefit more than the majority of his cases? Again, the Committee is asked how the patients are to be nursed in these uncommonly inconveniently-sized wards, and it is answered that they are to nurse each other. And finally, we have a host of local Southampton authorities to tell us that the climate is the most perfect in the world. It is an *élixir vital*—the only certain panacea—a kind of specific. It is like Parr's pills for long life—it is a Morison's college for the cure of all kinds of diseases, none of which, unfortunately, as these authorities admit, have ever been sent to them for cure, but they hope they will be. When the new hospital is built, they believe a whole town will spring up for wealthy patients to come and reside in for the benefit of their advice and their climate.

And who is to "pay the piper" for all this? The poor soldier. His grateful country is, as we have seen, about to remove him from the casemates at Chatham to the mud banks of Southampton Water. And in case he should recover his health too quickly after returning from India, he is to be consigned to a climate

where there is not much chance of restoration, and where he and his comrades may learn an occupation by which doubtless they will hereafter be able to earn a living in any part of England—viz., nursing each other.

One of the reasons we have heard assigned for the high mortality from consumption among the Guards is the excessive care taken of the men when they come into hospital. They are not sent home to die when they are past recovery, but they are kept in hospital to die there, out of sheer humanity; and hence the Guards are most unfairly charged with the high rate of mortality attributed to them! We merely mention this as a hint to future defenders of the army. When they are taunted with the great loss among troops serving in India, as evinced by the statistics of Netley Hospital, they will perhaps be able to point to its beautiful situation, the care and comfort bestowed upon the men, and the long time they are kept there lingering before they die, as a convincing proof that the whole averment is a mere calumny. Now, we confess we had rather see the soldier live happily than die comfortably. We think, upon the whole, that it would be cheaper for the country. We agree with Mr. Sidney Herbert, that possibly the Barrack Department may have made a mistake in planning a barrack when they intended to plan a hospital; and we think the least expensive plan, after all, will be to build a hospital where the men may recover and go out quickly.

A recent Parliamentary paper informs us that a large hospital is about to be erected at Aldershot. Why not make this building fulfil the conditions required by the Royal Commission above-named? Why not make it serve for a Model General Hospital on the Pavilion plan adopted by that Commission, and for an Army Medical School? Aldershot is high and dry, and, as it appears to us, would answer these purposes both in construction and site, which, as the Netley Committee itself proves, will not be answered either by the site or structure of Netley Hospital. In conclusion, we must express our disapprobation (we would we could say wonder) at the method of dealing with a great public question exhibited by the Report of this Netley Committee. It is one of the disgraces of the present time that a *soi-disant* science can be obtained to any amount to throw its weight into any scale. And we are sorry to say, that this Report shows how a Government which requires help out of an ugly difficulty at any cost may obtain it by such an agency.

THE CLOUDS.

THE commonest natural phenomenon when regarded as the exponent of law becomes ennobled and beautified. From every visible fact invisible relations radiate, the apprehension of which imparts a measure of delight. There is a store of pleasure of this kind ever at hand for those who have the capacity to turn natural appearances to account. It is pleasant, for example, to lie on one's back upon a dry green slope and watch the clouds forming and disappearing in the blue heaven. A few days back, the firmament was mottled with floating cumuli, from the eminences of which light of dazzling whiteness was reflected downwards, while the hollows which formed the complements of the vapour hills lay in dark shadow. From the fringe of one large field of cloud small vapour streamers stretched into space, which when attentively observed, were seen to disappear gradually, and finally to leave no trace upon the blue sky. On the opposite fringe of the same cloud, and beyond it, small patches of milky mist were observed to appear, and finally to curdle up, so as to form little cloundlets as dense apparently as the large mass beside which they were formed. The counter processes of production and consumption were evidently going on at opposite sides of the cloud. In other places again, even in the midst of the serene firmament, white vapour patches were being formed. A moment previously, the space seemed absolutely void, and the sudden appearance of clouds in it excited that kind of surprise which might be supposed to accompany the observation of a direct creative act. They were really the indicators of what was going on in the unseen air. Without them no motion was visible; but their appearance and disappearance proved not only the existence of motion, but also the want of homogeneity in the atmospheric mass. Currents were mingling, though we did not see them—currents possessing different temperatures and carrying different loads of invisible watery vapour. We know that true vapour is invisible, that clouds are not true vapour, but vapour precipitated by cold to a state of water. We know also that the amount of water which the air can hold in the invisible state of true vapour depends upon the temperature; the higher the temperature of the air, the more water will it be able to take up. But when a portion of warm air, thus carrying its invisible charge, is invaded by a current of low temperature, the vapour of the warm air is precipitated, and a cloud is the consequence. In this way two parcels of air, each of which taken singly may be perfectly transparent, produce by their mixture an opaque cloudy mass; and thus a body of clear air, when it strikes the cold summit of a mountain, may render that mountain "cloud-capped." A case which illustrates the process on a small scale occurred some years ago in a Swedish ball-room. The weather was clear and cold, and the ball-room was clear and warm. A lady fainted, and air was thought necessary to her restoration. An officer present tried to open the window, but it was frozen fast. He hewed it to pieces with his sword, the cold air entered, and it snowed in the room. A minute before all was clear, but the

warm air of the room had sustained an amount of moisture in a transparent condition which it was not able to maintain when mixed with the colder air from without. The vapour was first condensed and then frozen. Mountain chains are very effective in precipitating the vapour of our south westerly winds; and this sometimes to such an extent as to produce totally different climates on the two sides of the same mountain group. This is most strikingly illustrated by the observations of Dr. Lloyd on the rain fall of Ireland. Stations situated on the south-west side of a mountain range showed, if we recollect aright, in some cases several times the quantity of rain observed at stations on the north-east side. The winds in passing over such mountains were drained of their moisture, so that they arrived in a comparatively dry condition at the north-east side. Two or three years ago we had an opportunity of witnessing a singular case of condensation at Mortain, in Normandy. The tourist will remember a little chapel perched upon the highest summit in the neighbourhood. We chanced to be at this point near the hour of sunset. The heavens were cloudless, and the sun flooded the hill sides and valleys with golden light. We watched him as he gradually approached the crest of a hill behind which he finally disappeared. Up to this point a sunny landscape of exquisite beauty was spread before us, the atmosphere being very transparent; but now space seemed suddenly to curdle into mist. Five minutes after the sun had departed, a dense fog filled the valleys and drifted in fleecy masses up the sides of the hills. In an incredibly short time we found ourselves enveloped in local clouds so dense as to render our retreat a matter of some difficulty.

In this case, before the sun had disappeared the air was evidently nearly saturated with transparent vapour. But why did the vapour curdle up so suddenly when the sun departed? Was it because the withdrawal of his beams rendered the air of the valleys colder, and thus caused the precipitation of the moisture diffused through the air? Not necessarily so, we imagine. We are rather inclined to look for an explanation to a direct action of the sun upon the atmospheric moisture than to the intermediation of cooled air. Let us explain. The beams which reach us from the sun are of a very composite character. A sheaf of white sunbeams, we know, is composed of an infinitude of coloured rays, the resultant effect of all upon the eye being the impression of white light. But though the colours and shades of colour which enter into the composition of a sunbeam are infinite, for the sake of convenience we divide them into seven, which are known as the prismatic colours. The beams of the sun, however, produce heat as well as light, and there are different qualities of heat in the sunbeam as well as different qualities of light—nay, there are copious rays of heat in a sunbeam which give no light at all, which probably never even reach the retina at all, but are totally absorbed by the humours of the eye. Now one principal point to be remembered is, that the same substance may permit rays of heat of a certain quality to pass freely through it, as transparent bodies permit light, while it may effectually stop rays of heat of another quality. But in all cases the heat that is stopped is expended in heating the body which stops it. Now, water possesses this selecting power in an eminent degree. It allows the blue rays of the solar beam to pass through it with facility, but it stops a portion of the red rays, and it utterly absorbs the obscure rays of heat to which we have already referred; and those are the precise rays which possess the most intense heating power. We see here at once the powerful antagonism of the sun to the formation of visible fog, and we see, also, how the withdrawal of his beams may be followed by sudden condensation, even before the air has had any time to cool. As long as the solar beams swept through the valleys of Mortain, every particle of water that came in their way was dissipated and reduced to transparent vapour by the heat which the particle itself absorbed; or, to speak more strictly, in the presence of this antagonism precipitation could not at all occur, and the atmosphere remained consequently clear. But the moment the sun withdrew his beams the vapour present in the air was left to follow, without opposition, its own tendency to condense, and the sudden curdling up of the vapour was the consequence. With regard to the air, its temperature may not only have remained sensibly unchanged for a time after the setting of the sun, but it may have actually become warmer through the heat set free by the act of condensation. It was not, we imagine, the action of cold air upon the vapour which produced the effect, but it was the withdrawal of that solar force which water has the power to absorb, and in absorbing to become heated and dissipated in true vapour.

But the finest phenomenon of this kind which it has ever been our lot to witness occurred more recently, as we stood with a friend upon a mountain head which commanded a view of the glacier of the Rhone from its origin to its end. The day had been one of cloudless splendour, and there was something awful in the darkness of the firmament. This deepening of the blue of heaven is believed by those who know the mountains to be an indication of a humid atmosphere. The transparency, however, was wonderful. The summits of Mont Cervin and the Weisshorn stood out in clear definition, while the mighty mass of the Finsteraarhorn rose with perfect sharpness of outline close at hand. As long as the sun was nearly vertical there was no trace of fog in the valleys, but as he sloped down the western heaven the shadow of the Finsteraarhorn crept over the snow-fields at its base. A dim sea of fog began to form, which after a time rose to a consider-

able height, and then rolled down like a river along the flanks of the mountain towards the valley of the Rhone. On entering the valley it crossed a precipitous rock barrier, down which it poured like a cataract; but long before it reached the bottom it escaped from the shadow in which it had been engendered, and was hit once more by the direct beams of the sun. Its utter dissipation was the consequence, and though the billows of fog rolled on incessantly from behind, the cloud-river made no progress, but disappeared, as if by magic, where the sunbeams played upon it. The conditions were analogous to those which hold in the case of a glacier. Here the ice-river is incessantly nourished by the mountain snow—it moves down its valley, but does not advance in front. At a certain point the consumption by melting is equal to the supply, and here the glacier ceases. In our case the cloud-river, nourished by the incessant condensation of the atmospheric vapour, moved down its valley, but ceased at the point where the dissipating action of the sunbeams equalled the supply from the cloud-generator behind.

MEMORIAL CHURCH AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

WE have more than once called attention to the Memorial Church at Constantinople, both when the scheme of its erection was originally proposed, and when it had attained the not always pacific dignity of an architectural competition. We have now to congratulate our readers not only upon the proximate construction of the building itself, but upon the work being in the hands of the architect who won the first prize. The site—the free gift of the Sultan—is, we are told, about the very best in all the city. It is in the main street of Galata and Pera, standing upon rising ground and overlooking the sea, towards which the *façade* will be turned. For this happy result the cool, calm determination of Lord Stratford may be thanked. The funds in the hands of the Committee do not enable it to execute Mr. Burges's design in all that amplitude of plan and richness of decoration which characterized the drawings for which the prize was given; but yet the resources are forthcoming out of which the church is to be built, with simplified detail and rather reduced area, but still possessing that stately minsterlike aspect, and composed in that Gothic—skillfully marrying North and South—which established its claim to represent the monumental spirit involved in a Memorial Church. The main changes limit themselves to these. The variety of material and of surface mosaic will be reduced; the nave will be of four, in place of six bays; the transept will (as in French churches) not extend beyond the width of the aisles; and a barrel vault will replace the groining which was to have spanned the main body of the structure. But the apse, with its eastern aisle, and the triforium are to be retained, and the building will still measure 130 feet in length, with breadth and height proportionate.

Such a pile would have been noticeable in any town of England, even if constructed with no more trouble than the routine forms needful to constitute a Peel district. In Constantinople it signifies a great deal beyond a mere reverential regard for the external decencies of worship. It is the symbol, not of conquest or of persecution, but of that steady pacific advance of the Cross upon the Crescent which nothing can mar but the hot-headed zeal of ill-instructed and reckless religionists at home. For us to have dared ask for the commemoration of the assistance we gave Turkey in the late war, in such a guise and on such a spot, and for Turkey to have yielded to our request—the "Commander of the Faithful" himself coming forward as the Lord Bountiful of the site—expresses a state of things sufficient to make the fierce old Solymans and Amuraths turn in their graves. Let it be granted that the proceeding proves nothing much better on the part of the Osmanli than sheer indifference; yet out of this indifference may grow in the coming time the germ of a new pure life. We have saved for the time the political integrity of Turkey as a nation, but in doing so we felt that Turkey, to save its own integrity for a permanence, must sooner or later learn many a lesson little dreamed of by its crabbed ulemas and savage hadjis.

We are at liberty, accordingly, not only to claim a successful issue for the scheme in its material aspect, but to insist upon the result as a moral triumph superior even to its artistic value. If it existed—"Memorial Church" though it be—simply as the trophy of military success, its construction in the friendly city of an ally would have been a bold exercise of very questionable taste. Had it been intended solely to fulfil the physical requirements of a wind-tight and rain-tight place of worship, the invoking of a general subscription to defray the expenses of its construction would have been unworthy of the dignity of the English Church. A focus of proselytism, on the other hand, would have been a manifest trespass on the province of a Christianity which, whatever may be the amount of rust that length of time has deposited on its surface, is yet strong in the claims of an indigenous Byzantine nationality of more than fifteen hundred years. In the artistic point of view, a mean, cold, puritanized building would have incurred the contempt of the Greek, strong in his taste for florid ornament, while a structure laden with historical illustration would have repelled the austere, unpictorial Turk. In every aspect there was a golden mean to be observed, appropriate to the local situation, consistent with the motives of its erection, and corresponding with the temperament of a communion which had thrown off the

oppressive trappings of Popery without abandoning the venerable possession of a set traditional form of worship, and the masculine resources of chastened artistic taste in its religious structures and their appointments. A church reared in this spirit, and existing at Constantinople for the use of its English residents—not courting visitors from the indigenous Christians, nor repelling those who hold the faith of Islam, but calmly and silently open to both to draw their own conclusions from its teaching—was manifestly the thing which the place and the occasion called for. Such a fane we conceive that we possess in Mr. Burges's very able design. Its style belongs to that pointed type of architecture which most perfectly embodies free, progressive, Western Christianity. But the *nuance* of its Pointed is generally of that Southern variety which comports with the climate, while in many of its forms it has sufficient of Northern flavour to indicate its nationality. Above all, its ingenious fulfilment of the prudential regulation which proscribed iconography out of deference to Islamic prejudice, by a system of ornamentation which unobtrusively prevents the void from being felt, stamps it as the work of no mean artist.

What yet remains to be done is, we believe, to provide sufficient funds for the painted windows, and for fittings of a dignity which may correspond with the building in which they are contained. We hope that the small additional sum requisite for their completion may not be withheld. The honour of English Churchmen is engaged to the satisfactory accomplishment of the design, so far as it is permitted by the magnitude of the structure actually resolved upon. We should originally have desired a more extensive minster. But such as it is, the pile will not be unworthy of its destination, supposing that it is executed with all its appointments. Failing these, it will fail in the end for which it was originated.

THE LOMBARDI AND BALDI PICTURES.

THERE are two theories of a National Gallery of Painting. According to the first, the Gallery should be a collection of masterpieces. The paramount consideration is the excellence of a work—excellence of whatever kind, whether of imaginative conception, of dramatic presentment, of execution in the larger sense, or of mere technics. This theory would dictate the acquisition of any picture which reaches a certain standard of worth; and a gallery might, without any violation of principle, be filled with the works of some half-dozen men exclusively—Raffaelles, Correggios, Titians, Rubenses, Vandycks, Rembrandts, or Reynoldses. According to the second theory, the Gallery should be a representation of schools. The object then is not to obtain the best specimen of any man, but any moderately characteristic specimen of a man or a school not previously exemplified in the collection. A certain framework has to be constructed first of all; and, after that, it becomes more important to fill a lacuna, even with a second-rate production, provided it be fairly representative, than to obtain another "crack work" of a great master already present in the gallery.

Each theory has its dangers. The great danger in the first case is that of individual caprice. The manager or managing body may have a leaning towards a particular school or master, and may overload the collection with a single form of art, while everything else goes to the wall—or, to speak literally, never comes to the wall. Besides, the leaning may be wrong. It may be in favour of the lower forms of art rather than the higher, and the tendency will probably be towards technical merit rather than lofty purpose or grasp of mind. It will shift as fashion shifts, and may decline into mere dilettantism. The danger in the second theory is that it may produce a museum of curiosities, instead of a gallery of noble art, and that its completeness, long and painfully deferred, will after all be only a completeness of comparative commonplace. We may have the best men, but not at their best—and these almost swamped amid a mass of mediocrity.

This latter, nevertheless, is the truer theory of a National Gallery. A private collector may indulge his own taste to any extent that he likes; and if his taste is right, the result will be a collection of the best class, yielding unlimited enjoyment to congenial minds, and instruction to all who can enter into its merits. But the national collector is not justified in simply pleasing himself. His primary duty is to enable the nation to pursue its studies of art in any direction—to place before it, as neatly as may be, all the sides of a many-sided question. If there are scores of schools and hundreds of masters, there are thousands of spectators and students, each of whom has a fractional right in the collection; and it is not until some approach to a full latitude of choice and investigation has been allowed to each individual of these thousands, that the directors can, with an uncontested claim, begin to insist upon a particular class of art, and summon the public to follow their lead. Upon this system, after a lengthened *régime* of chance and change, our National Gallery has now entered—and this not in a spirit of pedantic punctilio, but of practical resolve. The directors do not shut their eyes to any exceptional masterpieces which it may be in their power to procure, but their main object is to fill in the framework of the Gallery. For this purpose they very properly begin at the beginning, and for some while past have set themselves to bringing into the collection the fullest representation they can command of the early schools of Italy.

The result is peculiarly happy. It is the special privilege of the system in its present stage that it deals with art which is at once almost unknown in England, essential to the solid foundation of the Gallery in its historic aspect, and intrinsically of the very highest order. We cannot get to know too well Giotto, Angelico, Orcagna, Lippi, Bellini, and many others, either on their own account as artists, or on account of the influence which they exercised upon whole classes and periods of art. Supposing the system to be followed up, as it should mainly be, in chronological sequence, we shall, for a long while to come, be indulged with specimens of the greatest art. We shall have Durers, Leonardos, and Raffaelles, after Cimabues and Masaccios; and Tintoretts after Giorgiones. A harder time will come at last, and must not be altogether grudged. Ostades, De Hooghes, Jan Steens, Paul Potters, and Watteaus, must find their place too. Of many of the inferior men, however, we have, thanks to the low taste of precedent trusteeship, more than enough specimens already. We need not, unless in mere degradation of preference, encumber ourselves with any more Guidos, Annibal Caraccis, Backhuysens, or Joseph Vernetts. As a matter of representation these are already there—some of them in large quantity; and nothing except the chance of an extraordinarily good specimen should tempt us to add to their number. Absolutely bad painters also should be absolutely excluded. No sound theory of a national collection, however thoroughly it might uphold the representative principle, need insist upon including a Carlo Dolce or some minor Dutchmen. And this for a very clear reason, even independently of the mere badness of the painters. A bad painter can only be an imitator, more or less; and, if we take care to possess ourselves of the creditable original, we may utterly eschew the derogatory copyist.

The recent rapidity of advance in our National Gallery—a rapidity which is united to consistent principle and really progressive efficiency—is, in relation to anything in former times, something enormous. In four years and a half, beginning with 1854, no fewer than 91 pictures have been added to the collection by purchase, presentation, and bequest—the great majority by purchase. This is far more than a quarter of the actual total of the Gallery, which stands at 325; and when we contrast the work of this brief period with that of the Gallery's thirty previous years of existence, we shall perhaps be disinclined to join in the "dead set" which has been made at Director Eastlake and Secretary Wornum, and may suspect that even the German travelling agent Mündler, however legitimate may have been the exception originally taken to his appointment, has hustled over the Continent to some purpose. Under the auspices of these gentlemen, the National Gallery, which is already honourable in character, will soon be respectable in extent.

The last purchase—that of the Lombardi and Baldi pictures at Florence—is of the highest importance in both these respects. Numbering thirty works according to the catalogue, or twenty if we reduce to their primary unity some compositions now scattered in separate frames, it carries us from the decrepitude of art in Margaritone (who is, however, here very unworthily represented), through its re-birth in Cimabue, Duccio da Siena, and Segna di Buonaventura, on to its burning adolescence—majestic in Orcagna and Spinello Aretino—ascetic, traditional, yet in a way nature-loving, in Taddeo Gaddi and Jacopo di Casentino—pure in Angelico with the purity of holiness, in Gozzoli with the purity of a simple, unsophisticated, thankful enjoyment—chivalric and spirit-stirring in Paolo Uccello—cheerful and diligent in Piero della Francesca. We pass on again to its passionate, tentative, broad glancing youth in Lippo and Lippino Lippi—the men who will paint you men and women, and portraits, and costumes, and curious things they have peered at and taken a fancy to, when monastic patronage asks them for saints and angels—and so once more to Byzantine decrepitude in the Greek painter Emmanuel, of the seventeenth century.

The two great pictures of the collection are the Orcagna, a "Coronation of the Virgin, with Angels and Saints," and a number of accessory subjects—and the Paolo Uccello, "The Battle of Sant' Egidio, 1416, in which Carlo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, and his nephew Galeazzo, were taken prisoners by Braccio di Montone, Lord of Perugia." The first is one of the most important works of the fourteenth-century religious art in any European Gallery—that religious art which, unswathed from the mere swaddling-clothes of infancy and tradition, unmerged as yet in the ideal of art for its own sake, is the true visible representative of the vital Catholicism of the middle ages. The second is simply one of the most glorious and knightly battle-pieces in the world. There can be very few works of art any where, and probably none at all in England, which show us so authentically what a fight of the chivalrous age really looked like—what it was to be blowing trumpets, and couching lances, and crossing swords, mounted and cased in complete steel. It is perhaps scarcely worth while to glance at the worst brace of pictures in the series after looking at the best. We may, however, just say that we would much rather be without the Lorenzo di Credi and the Cosimo Tura—the former being altogether unworthy both of the Gallery and of the name it bears, and the latter being recommended by neither name nor merit.

The Lombardi and Baldi pictures will accomplish not a little in the way of familiarizing the English public with the aspect of early Italian art, heretofore almost unknown to the untravelled. Its

first effect on the great mass of spectators has probably been to startle, and no more—it is an art which requires to be dwelt with before its real influence can be felt. It finds us in a mood totally alien, and must itself mould our perceptions partially before it can be, in the right sense of the word, so much as perceived. A word or two on a few obvious points which are almost sure to strike, and very likely to disconcert, the general eye, will conclude what we have to say on the present occasion.

The fourteenth and opening fifteenth centuries had no kind of notion or desire to make pictures "like nature" in general appearance. To a nineteenth-century eye this is a most astounding fact—the likeness to nature, in a certain way, being the principle of the most degraded, and even the most conventional, as well as the highest, artists of the present day. On the other hand, with much that violates every rule of mere fact, much that is purely abstract and symbolic, much that is disdainfully neglectful of natural harmony and completion, the idea of truth is continually present in this art. Giotto, heaping up in his pictures every kind of impossibility and incompleteness, as well as mere scientific failure, is yet intrinsically about the most natural painter that the world has ever produced; and the great school to which he gave the vivifying impulse, lasting more or less distinctively some century and a half, is incessantly naturalistic amid its traditionalism. Equally noticeable is the conflict, and yet the blending, which the early art presents between imaginative invention and almost passive repetition; and again between singular sensibility to beauty, whether of facial type or of what connoisseurs call "motive," and singular indifference to it in modes of presentment and execution; and, once more, between vigour and acuteness of expression and the negation of it—as, for instance, in the quaint and charming little Gozzoli of the "Rape of Helen" in this collection. It is very difficult to explain, or even to seize, the principle of all this; but we think it will be found on investigation that the early painters touched, either instinctively or by predetermination, with extraordinary clearness, the true end of art in the union of abstract idea and insight into natural fact. And two considerations may be suggested as a clue to the modes in which this is exhibited. First, the painters were content, as the highest art always is content more or less definitely, with indicating facts to our recognition and sympathy, instead of absolutely realizing them to the outward eye; and, secondly, they were not ashamed of any kind of fact, however humble or apparently extraneous, by which they could enforce upon the eye and the mind the union which they contemplated of declared idea and implied actuality—of spirit manifest through matter, and a soul dominant in creation.

REVIEWS.

THE ANNALS OF WINDSOR.*

GENERAL frivolity and want of substance is not an unusual nor an unjust charge against the literature of the day; but it is certainly not one to which the *Annals of Windsor*, by Messrs. Tighe and Davis, can possibly be exposed. The volumes before us contain respectively 707 and 752 closely printed royal octavo pages devoted to the illustration of what one might perhaps have been inclined to look upon, *a priori*, as rather a meagre subject. Strange as it may seem to say so, we do not think that the enormous labour implied in the construction of such a work has been at all wasted. We have read, not indeed every word, but not much less than the whole of this book with a satisfaction which we think every one will share who has given any serious study or attention to English history, and with a strong impression of the good taste, industry, and literary skill of the authors. Mr. Davis in particular appears to us to have executed his part of the undertaking with singular judgment and industry. The mass of matter which he has extracted from the records is of the very highest value and interest, not merely to persons locally acquainted with Windsor and Eton, but as affording numerous illustrations of the character of the ancient government of England—a subject which, notwithstanding all that has been done towards exploring the history of the country, still remains in a most obscure condition. The *Annals of Windsor* may well take its place by the side of several other books of which the importance is far greater than the reputation. Whitaker's *History of Manchester*, Blomefield's *History of Norfolk*, Maitland's *History of the City of London*, are specimens of the class to which we refer. Probably such works are almost unknown to many of our readers, whilst few, unless their studies have led them to acquaint themselves with the history of English law and government in early times, are at all able to appreciate their importance. It may therefore be desirable to point out briefly some of the particulars in which that value consists.

Much is said, and with great justice, on the importance of our local institutions. But the amount of precise knowledge of the subject which has been given to the world in any intelligible

* *Annals of Windsor*. Being a History of the Castle and Town, with some Account of Eton and places adjacent. By Robert Richard Tighe, Esq., and James Edward Davis, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. 2 vols. London: Longmans. 1858.

form is, considering the richness of the materials we possess, singularly small; and what there is is thrown into forms so stiff and technical that hardly any one, without long study and reflection, can obtain from it any sort of clear impression as to whether there ever was anything approaching to life and design in the dry bones which still strew the face of the country in every direction. Wherever we go, we hear of hundreds, manors, and liberties; we see in every county of England the ruins of castles; we cannot traverse the country for fifty miles in any direction, without crossing some more or less enclosed and cultivated common which still retains the title of a forest; and every now and then some obscure outlying court (like that which fell beneath the blows of Jacob Omnium) attracts the indignation of an enlightened public, and excites philippics against the "relics of feudalism." To those who really want to know how their forefathers managed to lay the foundations of the present state of society without the help of roads and canals, and in days when Edinburgh was further from London than Constantinople is at present, these ancient divisions have, or ought to have, a very peculiar interest. If they care enough about the matter to overcome the difficulties and the weariness incidental to a very unattractive inquiry, they will ultimately, unless we are much mistaken, arrive at some such result as the following. In early times the line which now divides so sharply the executive and the judicial functions of government was either not drawn at all, or was drawn only in the most irregular and wavering manner. The law courts were, each in its own sphere, a combination of Westminster Hall and Downing-street. The Court of Exchequer managed the revenue. The Justices of the King's Bench in Banc, or the Justices in Eyre, not only tried criminals, but administered very nearly the whole of the royal prerogative. They kept up a supervision over the local agents of the King, such as sheriffs and coroners, which can only be compared to the authority exercised by the Minister of the Interior over the prefects and the sous-prefets of French departments, though distinguished from it by the important circumstance that their jurisdiction could only be exercised in open court, and in due form of law. Subordinate to these high officers, there were in every part of the country a perfect swarm of persons possessed of authority more or less extensive and more or less independent. Constables of castles, lords of manors, and above all, lords of franchises, were to be found in every direction. At the head of every hundred there was a bailiff, and he often held office for years or for life, and was entirely independent of the sheriff. There were also a vast number of corporate towns and cities, organized on very different models, and possessed of very different degrees of power. Some faint shadows of such authorities still exist; but when they were in their prime, the whole social economy of the country was in their hands. For example—by virtue of their office they held fairs and markets in days when all commerce was conducted there, and no one could infringe their monopoly without incurring penalties. They had the management of what were called "assises"—that is, they inspected provisions, especially bread and beer, to see whether they came up to a certain standard of excellence. They corresponded directly with the King, receiving writs (in early times the equivalents of despatches) from the Chancery and Treasury; and they were answerable in their corporate capacity for damage done by robbers, for breaches of the peace, and for doing or leaving undone anything which they were bound to avoid or to fulfil by their respective charters. All these liabilities were enforced by regular process of law before what we should now call the judges of assize, or as they were then called, the Justices in Eyre. Probably not one person in a thousand of those who hear, or even of those who try or plead in, those indictments for not repairing a highway, for encroachments, or for what a few lawyers know by the name of "purprestures," which still occur from time to time at the assizes, have any idea of the extent and importance of the obsolete jurisdiction of which such proceedings are the relics. A lively and far from incorrect notion of the strange manner in which executive authority was anciently shared out all over the country, and of the tenure by which it was held, may be formed by supposing all the beneficed clergy to have, in virtue of their livings, rights of a similar kind, subject to supervision only through the medium of actions at law, and without any such control as is at present exercised almost universally by the central power over its subordinate agents. An adumbration is the only familiar specimen still existing of that combination of official and proprietary rights which was the essence of feudalism.

Such was the general aspect of the local government of England in early times. It would be hard to find a better illustration of its details than is afforded by Windsor; and it would be impossible for any one to work up such an illustration with greater diligence and success than the authors of the work before us. Windsor presents specimens of nearly all the principal kinds of local institutions which flourished amongst us in early times. The castle is the head of the honour and forest of Windsor. Windsor itself is a corporate town of great antiquity, and Windsor Forest till within living memory was as good a specimen as existed in England of the character and government of the tracts of country set apart for the pleasure of our early kings. The constable of Windsor Castle was an officer of great importance, and his authority may be taken as affording a fair sample of the

nature of the offices held by similar functionaries who were scattered all over the country. He was the head of the castle and commander of the garrison; but, besides this, he was judge of a court of which the civil and criminal jurisdiction extended over no less than fifty-nine parishes—viz., twenty-four in Berkshire, seventeen in Surrey, and eighteen in Buckinghamshire. He was also the head keeper of the forest, which was at one time 120 miles round, and it was his duty to receive and to account for at the Exchequer, all rents payable to the castle. These rents were the representatives of, and probably in many cases the commutations for, the feudal services due from the various tenants who held in ancient times of the King as of the honour of Windsor. We may here remind our readers that the colony of New York was held as of the manor of Greenwich, as indeed the island of Bombay is still. These rents amounted in all to about 800*l.* a year, the value of which was of course infinitely larger in the time when they were fixed than it is now. We should probably underrate rather than overrate the importance of a constable of Windsor under Edward I. if we described him as holding for life the place of manager of Crown property worth 20,000*l.* a year, and having also the military command of the country, the jurisdiction of a judge of assize, and a large amount of local patronage. Such a man might with little exaggeration be called the governor of a considerable part of three counties.

The town of Windsor itself presents little that is curious in relation to our present subject. Windsor Forest was an excellent specimen of the ancient forest organization. It contained seventeen walks, as they were called—each walk under a ranger; and it extended over a vast district, to which the Great Park, as it still exists, and the woodland tract beyond it, which lies towards Sunning Hill and is popularly known as the forest, bear no proportion at all. In an old map prefixed to the second volume of the *Annals of Windsor*, the forest is made to inclose a territory bounded on the north by the Thames, on the east by the Wey, and on the west by the Loddon. It included Windsor and the neighbouring villages, as well as Egham, Chertsey, and Byfleet—it came close to Guildford—it took in Sandhurst—it extended to Henley on Thames, and included Twyford and Maidenhead. Bagshot, Oakingham, Warfield, and many other villages and towns lay within it. Nothing can give a better illustration of the real character of ancient forests. They were anything but mere woods. They were vast tracts of country supporting a very considerable population, who enjoyed for the most part various rights within the forest, in which they had as distinct a property as the King had in his rights; and this circumstance explains the hardships which the forest laws inflicted on the people. An inclosed park, however large, is no grievance to any one; but few things could be more mortifying than to be tenant in common with the King of a vast tract of country—the King's rights being protected against those of his co-owners by a most stringent and arbitrary system of laws, administered for the most part by resident gentry who were always "ranging" and holding courts of regard and swanmote at which the whole economy of the forest was managed, whilst once in three years the Chief Justice of the Forests severely and thoroughly examined the whole district.

We have chosen only one or two illustrations of the contents of the *Annals of Windsor* in order to show their historical value; but they furnish a vast quantity of information, possessing much general and literary interest, at which our space will not allow us even to glance.

A FRIEND IN NEED.*

WE cannot say that we have read this novel with breathless interest. It has not roused us in the morning before our usual hour—it has not stolen our time from more serious occupations, nor haunted us while engaged in them—and, although it has more than once sent us to sleep, no influence of it has disturbed our dreams. Nay, we have never even felt ourselves tempted to steal a look at the last pages before reaching them in the course of fair and leisurely perusal. In a word, the book is tedious; and we are really sorry for this, inasmuch as it is at least free from many faults which are now too rife in such fictions. We are not bored with reflections and oracular utterances; the language is unaffected; there is nothing spasmodic or ambitious, nor is there any intentional departure from nature. Moreover, although the writer is not only an Irish Protestant, but of the sex in which the controversial spirit is most violently developed, and although most of the characters belong to the Roman communion, there is none of that religious rancour which in such circumstances we could hardly have hoped to escape. It is, therefore, with some concern that we must declare ourselves unable to give an altogether satisfactory answer to the final *plaudite*—"Reader, farewell! I trust we part content."

The heroine is a Miss Laura Vandeleur, who lives with her father, an old officer, at a villa near Armagh, and who opens the story by lamenting in a long soliloquy that she has almost completed her twenty-fifth year in dull and monotonous retirement. But no sooner has the soliloquy ended than the adventures of her life begin. A young man of eighteen, who is fleeing from pursuit, springs over the wall of the garden in which the fair Laura has been meditating, commits to her care a small packet, and

* *A Friend in Need*. A Romance. 3 vols. London: Bentley. 1858.

rushes out of sight. Immediately after, his pursuers appear, and are ingeniously baffled by Miss Vandeleur's equivocation. In the middle of the night, the heroine is disturbed by a noise, which she discovers to be caused by the fugitive youth, who has forced his way through the larder-window, and is vigorously attacking her provisions. This interview is followed by others, which mostly take place by night—the fugitive generally appearing in a female dress; and we learn as much of his history as he can tell, with some additions kindly furnished by the authoress. George—for such is the name by which he passes—had been brought up as the son of one Hartigan, a tenant and steward of the potent Earl of Glenarm, but for some years had suspected himself to be nothing less than the son of the Earl's elder brother, who had died after a love affair, and possibly a marriage, with the daughter of a Swiss pastor. From Mrs. Hartigan, on her death-bed, the youth had received the mysterious packet; and the greater part of the book is taken up with the persecution to which he is subjected by Lord Glenarm and his agents, with a view to get possession of this packet—of which they know the existence, but not the nature. Captain Vandeleur, in returning from a fair, is killed in the dark by some ruffians from whom he had attempted to rescue George—an event which naturally distresses his daughter, but which will probably be welcomed by most readers as a deliverance from the prospect of having to keep company through three volumes with a melancholy and peevish invalid. George is accused of the murder. He is thrust into one gaol after another, and escapes by various means. He is hunted about and knocked about in a most prodigious fashion. He receives wounds, bruises, concussions, of every possible sort, and is twice at least thrown into violent and delirious fever. He is mixed up in the doings of the "Steel Boys"—an association generated by Lord Glenarm's oppression of his tenants. He is practised on by the subtlety of the awful Father O'Mahoney and by the sneaking roguery of Father Varian, while his good angels, Father Justin Devines and Dr. Evernon, the most eminent physician of Belfast, are baffled in their attempts to protect and right him. At length he is kidnapped by his pretended father, Hartigan, and has mysterious interviews with Lord Glenarm in gloomy caves by torchlight. Hunger and cold are tried in vain as means to force the packet from him; and Mr. Hartigan is acting on a hint from the Earl that it might be well to murder him, when Father O'Mahoney happily appears, and, either from humanity or from policy, becomes his deliverer. George is then placed in a Flemish monastery, under an abbot who is one of O'Mahoney's friends; and from this he makes his escape in company with a merry lay brother named Simon. The two reach Paris, where they pass as father and son; and Simon, resuming his secular name of Adolphe Fourné, amuses himself at gambling-tables and other unedifying places, while George (for the action of the novel begins in 1786) becomes an orator at Revolutionary clubs.

While mourning for her father's death, Laura had become acquainted with Reginald Devines, a brother of Father Justin, but himself a Protestant, and secretary to Lord Glenarm, who had commissioned him to act as a spy on her. Reginald, however, is an honest Irishman; and, partly by the graces of his person, partly by the deep sympathy with which he uttered over her the exclamation "Poor thing! poor thing!" he had succeeded in winning her hand, and thereupon had resigned his office of secretary. Mrs. Devines falls into bad health, chiefly in consequence of the worry which she had endured on account of George and his secret; and it is resolved that she shall spend some time at Pau, where certain French friends of the name of Lemourrier reside. In the diligence from Paris to Tours, Laura finds herself beside a M. Renouard, who, although he is styled *Procureur du Roi*, had found it consistent with his high office to go to Ireland like a common attorney, for the purpose of tracing out a stolen child, and had been spirited away by the machinations of Lord Glenarm. To him the lady confides the story of George; but, while this story agrees in many points with that of the child in whom M. Renouard was interested, there are difficulties which seem insuperable in the way of identification. At Pau, however, all is made as clear as daylight. There had, it appears, been at the same time two unfortunate ladies, married to two persons of rank far above their own—there had been two great noblemen indignant at such degradation of their heirs apparent, and two children who had missed their way in the world. Lord Glenarm's agents, of whom O'Mahoney was the leader, while one of them was no other than Adolphe Fourné (*alias* Brother Simon), had stolen the wrong child. The real *Earl* is found in a handsome young Frenchman, Léonard, who had been supposed the son of a M. and Madame Du Mesnil; George proves to be the child of M. Du Mesnil, and M. Du Mesnil to be no less a personage than the son and heir of the great and wealthy Marquis de Harleville. This abominable old Marquis is murdered by Adolphe Fourné and a mob in the "Revolution of 1798" (for our Irish authoress does not "fear to speak of ninety-eight" as the date of the French Revolution); but his successor, and our other French friends, find a refuge in Ireland, where they all live happily—Léonard being married to Fleurette Lemourrier, and George (now Count Gustave de Pérignon) to Rosalinda Vining, in whom he is pleased to trace the likeness of his earlier but insensible love, her aunt, Mrs. Devines.

The story, we need hardly say, is not very probable, nor are either the characters or their adventures interesting. Lord

Glenarm (we beg pardon, "The Earl of Glenarm," for he is never spoken of by a less ceremonious title) is one of those awful rajahs who figure as earls and dukes in novels, but are probably as surprising to live dukes and earls as to the obscurest commoners. George is by no means a pleasing hero—indeed, he appears to us a presumptuous, ill-behaved little jackanapes. There is nothing like a plausible reason why a boy brought up as the son of a farmer, and not, apparently, fed on romances, should take it into his head to claim the title and estates of the potentate on whose land he was living; and, as it turns out after all that he is *not* the earl, his conduct has not that justification *a posteriori* which novel-readers have learnt to admit in similar cases. Laura is rather tiresome; Norrey, her maid, is decidedly so; nor are Reginald and Dr. Evernon very exhilarating. Callaghan, the low villain of the piece, is purely disgusting. O'Mahoney is the traditional intriguing priest; Varian is a mean imitator of O'Mahoney; and the good priest, Justin Devines, appears very little, while our reverence for him is somewhat marred by his telling a downright and altogether needless falsehood. Indeed, the sense of veracity is by no means strong in others of the characters, such as Laura and George; and, without entering into any casuistical questions as to the lawfulness of their fibs, we may say that the authoress might have avoided the necessity of putting such things into the mouths of persons whom she wishes us to like.

The conversations in general move wearily, and there is an utter absence of that humour which we naturally expect to meet with in Irish dialogues. Too many of the incidents are violent, and there is not enough of variety in them. The hunting of George about Armagh and Belfast for two volumes and a half of unusually close print is really quite fatiguing to the reader. And the "Steel Boy" conspiracy, which is detailed as if it were to lead to some great explosion, passes out of sight without any corresponding effect. Strange to say, the foreign personages and scenes appear to us better done than the Irish.

Although the title-page is anonymous, the book is advertised as written by a lady of the name of Freeman. Whether it is a first publication, we do not know; but in any case, we have no doubt that the authoress will be able to improve on it.

THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING.*

THE interest of universal Christendom in Jerusalem and Palestine has scarcely abated since the Middle Ages. It is, indeed, no longer expressed by the outfit of powerful armaments in every nation of Europe, and an infectious military enthusiasm kindled by the fervour of a Peter the Hermit, or a Bernard of Clairvaux. But still, from year to year, vast swarms of pilgrims from Europe and Asia, especially Greeks, Copts, and Armenians, esteem it a meritorious act of devotion to celebrate their Easter at the Holy Sepulchre; and among those motley bands the traditions of the Crusades do not seem to have been wholly forgotten, if it be true that, no longer ago than last Easter day, the Moslem guards of the Church seized about forty swords or poniards, which the pilgrims had secreted beneath their garments. The only difference is, that while the weapons of their chivalrous predecessors were designed for the infidel enemies of the common faith, these were intended for service in those disgraceful feuds between the conflicting communities of the rival rites which have been the disgrace of Christians, and the scoff of unbelievers, for centuries.

It is not, however, with the religious or sectarian phase of Jerusalem, nor with the political and diplomatic questions of which it was lately made the subject between France and Russia, nor with the ludicrous caricature, in grotesque miniature, of the old conflict between the regale and pontificate, in the persons of Consul Finn and Bishop Gobat—it is with none of these that we have to do at present. Dr. Barclay invites us to the consideration of the antiquarian and literary position of the Holy City, which is certainly not less to our taste, though perhaps scarcely less complicated, than the questions to which we have alluded. We used to think that we knew something of the general features at least of the topography of Jerusalem; but we must confess that the result of the combined labours of Williams, Fergusson, and Thrupp, in England—of Schultz, Tobler, and Krafft, in Germany—of Robinson and Barclay, in America—to say nothing of writers of less note in all these countries—has been so completely to mystify the subject as to render it a matter of sincere congratulation that the points at issue are questions, practically speaking, of perfect indifference. We have the satisfaction of knowing that, even if the objections of the most sceptical of the above-named writers to the genuineness of the Holy Places were proved to demonstration, the basis of the historical evidence of Christianity is not shaken in the slightest degree. If, *e.g.*, it were to turn out that the alleged Sepulchre is a mass of masonry constructed within the limits of the ancient city, the fact of the Resurrection is in no wise affected by the discovery. At the same time, we have no sympathy with the peculiar feeling which has led some of these authors to triumph in exposing the imposture of the monks and the credulity of the people, and to chuckle

* *The City of the Great King; or, Jerusalem as it was, as it is, and as it is to be.* By J. T. Barclay, M.D., Missionary to Jerusalem. Philadelphia, London: Trubner and Co.

with a malicious pleasure over the frauds and follies of successive generations of Christians for eighteen centuries. By all means let the archaeology and topography of ancient Jerusalem be subject to the same laws of criticism as those of any city of Pagan antiquity—Athens or Sparta, Corinth or Rome; but let them be equally exempted from the prejudice of theological predilection and sectarian bias. In this spirit we proceed to offer some remarks on Dr. Barclay's portly volume, which presents us with the latest discoveries in and around Jerusalem, and furnishes a few more contributions to a subject which will only be open to full investigation when excavations on a large scale shall be undertaken under competent scientific direction.

As a literary production, the book is beneath criticism, which the author wisely deprecates in his introduction—wisely, but most unreasonably, for while press of business and necessity of rapid locomotion may be admitted as valid pleas for declining the incompatible duty of authorship, they furnish no excuse whatever for issuing a slovenly and incomplete work on an important subject. The wholesale appropriation of the labours of his predecessors, and the insertion of extraneous matter of questionable value, have swelled his book to an unmanageable size; while the two former heads of the threefold division of the work, however neat and complete the three tenths may sound, involve a vast amount of repetition, and lead to serious confusion. Indeed, even the original part of Dr. Barclay's book—a very small proportion of the 650 pages—can only be regarded as rough material which it must be left to more skilful hands to weave into the texture of the argument to which it relates. To this original matter our further remarks will be mainly confined.

And here we must give Dr. Barclay full credit for an indispensable qualification in a successful exploration of the antiquities of Jerusalem, which demands an amount of grovelling enterprise that might well deter any animal but a ferret or a mole from the undertaking. Indeed, in some places, the amphibious properties of a water-rat, and the sinuosities of the black worms which frequent the sepulchral caves about Jerusalem, would be invaluable to the enterprising antiquary. Of Dr. Barclay it must be said that no accumulation of dust and *débris* could slake his thirst for discovery, and no waters quench the ardour with which he pursued his investigations in the bowels of the earth. Every hole into which he could force his head was explored with conscientious diligence; and his head appears to have been used as the thin end of a wedge, to insinuate his whole person into sewers and watercourses choked with the filth of centuries. It is much to be regretted that his persevering pursuit of knowledge under difficulties has not led to more important and decisive results. *E.g.*, the flexibility of his spinal cord was tested in driving a mine through the spur of the Temple Mount from a burrow above Siloam. He emerged—we will suppose, *non indecoro pulvere sordidus*—at the distance of some thousand feet, having discovered nothing, and proved nothing but his own indomitable curiosity. Again, not satisfied with the report of an aerial, subterranean, aquatic, nocturnal excursion of his not less enterprising countryman, Mr. Wolcott, his predecessor in this novel field of missions, he must test the accuracy of that gentleman's observations at the risk of his own neck, which was endangered not only by various accidents of flood and field, but by the fanaticism of the Moslems, had he been discovered molesting "the ancient solitary reign" of their *water-Jin*, in the precincts of their hallowed sites. More successful was his exploration of a vast subterranean cavern which underlies great part of the northern quarter of the modern city, and which bears unmistakable evidence of having been formerly used as a quarry whence were excavated the materials for the reconstruction of the city walls after some one of its numerous devastations; for the arguments by which it is attempted to vindicate for it so high an antiquity as the age of Solomon, and so honourable a purpose as the construction of the Temple, are wholly inconclusive.

So with nearly all the arguments in the book. Dr. Barclay is quite incapable of drawing sound conclusions from his premises. He stumbles here and there upon important data for the illustration of ancient topography, but he invariably misses the conclusion, and burrows on still in the dark, as ignorant of his bearings as when forcing his tortuous course through the odorous drains of the city. One very remarkable instance of this may be mentioned by way of example. The most important feature for the restoration of the ancient Jerusalem is undoubtedly the Valley of the Cheese-makers, described by Josephus as traversing the city, and separating the Upper from the Lower Market. This valley has been drawn by Dr. Robinson and his followers along a high artificial embankment, from the Jaffa Gate on the west to the Temple Close on the east, and then at right angles to its former course, southward, to the Pool of Siloam and the Valley Ben Hinnom. Now the very existence of the upper portion of this valley—all traces of which, if they ever existed, have certainly been long obliterated between the Jaffa Gate and the Temple enclosure—has been stoutly contested by many archaeologists, while all agree in the identity of the lower portion with the Tyropœon. Its upper extension is found by Mr. Williams and his school in the well-defined valley which skirts the Temple Close along the whole of its west side, and runs up in a north-westerly direction to the Damascus Gate. Now the advocates of the invisible valley, while accounting for its disappearance by the ac-

cumulation of *débris*—which certainly has wrought marvels in Jerusalem—of course hesitate to admit the claims of its rival to that importance which the counter-theory demands for it, as emphatically the valley of the interior of Jerusalem. And although it is true that the street which traverses its whole length is called by the natives *el Wâd*, i.e., the Valley, and that it is the feature in the modern city, as the Cheese-makers' Valley was in the ancient—so that Ritter and other indifferent writers have given in their adhesion to this view—still it was an open question until a fact which Dr. Barclay has brought to light set the matter at rest for ever. "There is," he says, "quite an extensive conduit running from Damascus Gate down the valley street, through the city, at the depth of fifteen or twenty feet below the surface; but it is evidently a mere sewer for draining all that part of the city. This drain discharges its contents at present, a short distance below the Mugrabin Gate," i.e., at the south of the city (p. 457). It requires no Commissioner of Sewers to determine that this great arterial drain must follow the line of the main valley of the city, so that the upper course of the Tyropœon is henceforth established, on Dr. Barclay's evidence, beyond all doubt; while that writer himself still holds to Dr. Robinson's hypothesis, although he admits that this imaginary "ravine is now nearly effaced—being concealed by the long-continued accumulation of rubbish;" and he is forced to imagine that the still well-marked valley, from the north, traversed by the sewer, is passed over without notice by Josephus in his minute description of the physical distribution of the *terrain* of the city. Numerous instances could be adduced of this irreconcilable want of harmony between Dr. Barclay's premises and his conclusions, the psychological cause of which we shall presently have occasion to investigate.

The most disappointing part of his book is decidedly that which relates to the Temple Close—that large area on the south-east of the city, where now stand the Dome of the Rock, the Mosk-el-Aksa, and their dependencies. To this precinct, heretofore so strictly guarded by the black slaves from the profane tread of the infidel, Dr. Barclay appears to have had free and frequent access, through the favour of the Moslem guardian of the Harem. Yet he has added little to the knowledge which we had before obtained from the stealthy glances of former travellers, or from the artifice which enabled an English architect to make a minute survey of the whole area. The only correction of any value is casually given in a note, and the writer is obviously unaware of the importance of the remark. Both Ali Bey and Mr. Catherwood represent the arches of the Mosk-el-Aksa as pointed. Now, as the fact that El-Aksa was originally a Basilica of Justinian is well-nigh demonstrable, the existence of the pointed arch in so early a building was a perplexing phenomenon. Dr. Barclay informs us (p. 500, note) that "the arches throughout this church are erroneously represented as pointed in Mr. Catherwood's beautiful drawings"—a somewhat serious inaccuracy for a professional architect to commit, which must materially detract from the value both of the drawings and descriptions of Mr. Catherwood, in which we have been accustomed to place implicit reliance.

Two important discoveries, however, were made by Dr. Barclay within the Harem. One (p. 490) was an ancient portal in the western wall, very similar to that which has been long well known in the southern wall directly under the Mosk-el-Aksa—the other an enormous tank, between the exterior *narthex* of El-Aksa and the raised platform of the Dome of the Rock. This reservoir is 736 feet in circuit, and 42 in depth, reached by "a broad flight of 44 wide steps, cut in the native rock." It is supplied with rain-water conducted into it by several channels from the roof of El-Aksa, and from the rocky pavement of the Harem. It is now rudely vaulted over, the roof being supported by "ill-shaped piers, apparently of unhewn rocks, badly plastered." (p. 527.) The recovery of this Pool has furnished an important landmark in the topography of mediæval and ancient Jerusalem, of which archaeologists have long been in quest; for there can be no question that we have here the Royal cistern which the chroniclers of the Crusaders place before the entrance of the Palace of Solomon, by which name they designated the Mosk-el-Aksa—identical also with Solomon's Pool, mentioned by Josephus in his description of the old wall in this quarter. But here, again, Dr. Barclay misses the gist of his discovery. He tells us that "this sheet of water is, without doubt, the 'Sea' of which the Son of Sirach and the Commissioner of King Ptolemy speak in such rapturous terms—the rapacity of the various spoilers of the devoted city having left it minus the lead or brass with which it was formerly encased;" while he looks for Solomon's Pool—here actually before his eyes—under the *débris* in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, where, of course, he fancies that he finds traces of it (pp. 151, 303).

With regard to the vexed question of the authenticity of the site of the Holy Sepulchre, Dr. Barclay takes the side of his more distinguished countryman, Dr. Robinson, and endeavours to dispose of the arguments by which it has been attempted to defend the existing tradition. Into the details of this controversy we shall not attempt to enter, since, without the aid of plans and diagrams, it must be wholly unintelligible to the uninitiated; but we may say plainly that Dr. Barclay's advocacy of either view cannot be allowed, in any way, to affect the question. The fact is, that he is far too well acquainted with the Jerusalem of the future

to allow us to feel the slightest confidence in his judgment on the many topographical and archeological questions relating to the Jerusalem of the past. We mean no farther disrespect to Dr. Barclay and his favourite studies than is implied by the settled conviction, strongly confirmed by his pages, that a person so conversant as he is with the Millennial aspect of the city has not the common-place faculties requisite to qualify him for the investigation of historical evidence. Such transcendental views are not, indeed, at all inconsistent with that theory of wholesale falsehood and fraud which summarily disposes of all such phenomena of the early Church as prove inconvenient to his own private notions of primitive Christianity; but, somehow or other, they do affect the logical faculty to such a degree as to render those who entertain them perfectly insensible to the most palpable inconsistencies and contradictions of their own arguments. Thus, in this particular instance of the Holy Sepulchre, we are required to believe that Macarius and Maximus—the two Bishops of Jerusalem who were engaged in the erection of the original Church under Constantine—with all their contemporaries and colleagues, were a set of astute, unprincipled liars, consciously palming off a circumstantial falsehood on their Imperial patrons, from the basest of all motives, and yet such bunglers and idiots, that, having the whole vicinity of the city to select from, they chose to fix on a spot for the Sepulchre which was manifestly a fictitious one, and this at a time when the traces of the ancient wall were existing to convict them of their impudent forgery. To our mind this preposterous hypothesis presents a difficulty far greater than any involved in the counter theory, but a difficulty which we believe Dr. Barclay to be quite as incapable of appreciating as we are of doing justice to his lucubrations on the Millennial Jerusalem, to which we now turn.

This, it must be admitted, is by far the most original part of his work, to say nothing of its value in a commercial point of view, which may be partly indicated by the following notices. After describing, with great minuteness, the precise geographical position and dimensions of "the restored and enlarged city" and its sanctuary, situated in the midst of "the Holy Oblation"—"the exact location of which, though so minutely described, is not very clearly delineated, and hence cannot be determined with absolute precision"—and after having fixed "the vast Millennial City, Jehovah Shammah!" to the Frank Mountain, south-east of Jerusalem, he proceeds to describe the advantages of this location:—"This city of cities will cover an area of more than a hundred square miles, and will number its inhabitants by millions. It can be rendered very accessible by a short railway from El-Arish, Askalon, or, perhaps, still better, Gaza; and the construction of a railroad to Ezion Geber, on the Red Sea, is also entirely practicable at a small cost." He adds that "doubtless the route here described is destined again to become the great highway of trade and travel between the East and the West." (p. 613.) "Such a city, in such a climate, in a position so advantageous in a civil, commercial, and geographical point of view, might well claim to be the mistress of the world;" but still it will be eclipsed by its neighbour and rival, Jehovah Shammah. There are to be two most copious perennial streams of water going forth from Jerusalem—one towards the Mediterranean, the other towards the Dead Sea, "developed apparently by the great earthquake," like "a large stream in South America a few months since," and "a large river in Armenia a few years ago." Our author is not quite sure whether these two streams are to flow from one fountain, or "where the healing stream bifurcates." But this is a matter of minor importance, since all the rest is clear. "It would be perfectly practicable, with very little labour, to conduct a stream issuing from the Temple area to the region of the future Jehovah Shammah by a short serpentine canal, conformed to the requirements of the ground;" and this Eastern river "may be rendered very serviceable not only for the irrigation of a large district of country, but for internal boat navigation." (p. 615.) Then, the enormous depression of the Dead Sea is to produce still grander and more astounding results; "for the distance being only about 15 or 20 miles, and the difference of altitude nearly 4000 feet, the rate of descent could not be less than an average of 200 feet per mile, or one foot in 26, a fall of 4000 feet in 20 miles; while the entire fall in the Mississippi, throughout its whole course of 2000 miles is only 1575 feet! What inconceivable power for the propulsion of machinery!" We have reached the climax and may desist. Think of the river of the mystical Jerusalem reduced by statistics and gradients to "a mighty fine water privilege!"

Still, we shall not fathom the depths of this bathos without reference to the Introduction of this wonderful book, in which the author reveals some of the secrets of his dealings with his publishers. Those very sensible men, it seems, when his volume had reached the 550th page, intimated to him "that the volume, having already transcended its prescribed limits, must speedily close." (p. xxi.) It is much to be regretted, for his own credit's sake, that Dr. Barclay did not take the hint, and so suppress all this trash about the Millennial Jerusalem. He is, however, altogether of another mind. The following passage, taken in connexion with what has been above cited, is certainly the most remarkable in the book:—"He more especially regrets that he is thus constrained so materially to abridge the exposition of his views of 'Millennial Jerusalem.' For this is a subject which, however interesting and important at this ominous crisis of the world's history, is so completely put under ban—owing to the wild extravagances

of reckless theorizers—as scarcely to be esteemed legitimate matter of investigation. Nor is this wariness either very surprising or censurable, in view of the many wild vagaries that have been palmed upon the world as the doctrine of Scripture." By all which we are given to understand that Dr. Barclay's exposition—grossly sensuous and materialistic as it is, with its cheap railways, artificial serpentine canals, its boat-navigation, its water-power and machinery—is sober and modest in comparison with the "vagaries" of those whom he stigmatizes as "reckless theorizers." What an insight does it give into the actual state of the prophetic school of the United States, that the author of this commentary on Ezekiel, who can be saved from the charge of profanity only on the plea of invincible ignorance of the first principles of spiritual interpretation, should plume himself on his exemption from the wild extravagances of his contemporaries! We take leave of him with a few words of his own, with which we are able most cordially to sympathize:—"Prophecy has far less to fear from its enemies than from some of its professed friends."

DANISH BALLADS.*

"I LOVE a ballad but even too well," said the honest clown in the *Winter's Tale*; and so, we may be sure, felt the scamp Autolycus and the noble Florizel with his "sweet maid" Perdita. Indeed, the delight in narrative poetry, so universal in the middle ages, must have done much to bind together the different ranks of men with that kindly feeling which arises from the possession of a common and worthy object of love and admiration. And nowadays, when all right-thinking men are anxious to bridge the gulf fixed for the last three centuries between the educated and unlettered classes, we cannot but rejoice at the attention which the old ballad-poetry of Europe, revered and beloved by prince as well as peasant, is now receiving from competent collectors in Germany, France, Sweden, Denmark, and even America.

In editing the Danish Folkeviser, Dr. Grundtvig has acted on a principle which, when, as in the present case, the materials have ceased to be solely traditional, and are derived almost exclusively from old books and manuscripts, we regard as the only sound one—namely, to give every existing version of each ballad. The result is, of course, a book for students, not for general readers, as appears from the fact that his first two volumes (all that have hitherto been published) contain 1110 pages, and 413 distinct versions of 114 ballads—of which, we may mention, scarce half had previously been printed. But the general reader, whose taste is perhaps overmuch consulted at the present day, will no doubt be provided with a Danish selection compiled on the same plan as the volume of Frau (or Fräulein?) Rosa Warrens. As to this lady's book, many who understand German, but not Danish, will be glad to know that, besides containing a valuable introduction by Dr. Grundtvig, it is much more readable than Wilhelm Grimm's *Alt-dänische Heldenlieder*, the artificial ruggedness of which reminds one of a rockery.

Dr. Grundtvig divides the Danish ballads into four classes—the *Kæmpeviser* or champion-songs, ballads relating to enchantments, historic ballads, and chivalrous ballads. The first two classes belong to the mythic period; the last two relate to mediæval life, and sometimes to actual mediæval occurrences. Each class has its distinctive merits. To students of Teutonic poetry the champion-ballads are particularly valuable, as representing a class of popular poems which must at one time have been found in Germany, but which probably ceased to exist in their isolated forms when the Homers of the thirteenth century built them into epics such as the *Nibelungenlied* and the *Gudrun*. Interesting, too, to the student of Icelandic mythology and literature are the evidences these ballads afford of the preservation, in spite of Christianity and time, of traces of the beliefs and the heroes of Old Norse paganism—"the far-off thunders of which," says Grundtvig, "re-echo still in the most ancient folk-lays." The echo, however, is but faint—the grand old gods have stalked indignantly away. Thor of the red beard has left Saint Olaf with a frown. But the spirits of the mountains, the forests, and the streams, have consented to dwell where the chime of the Christian bells has reached them, and enough remains to justify the dictum of Ampère:—"Une religion qui meurt laisse toujours son phantôme." The traces of the Old Norse literature are much more distinct, and show how deeply it must have sunk into the hearts of the Scandinavian people. In proof of this we may refer to the ballads of Hjalmar and Angantyr, Ragnar Lodbrok, Orm Ungersvend, and others. The story of Sigurth and Brynild, as told in two of Grundtvig's ballads, agrees with the Elder Edda and the *Völsunga-saga*; while, curiously enough, the three ballads on Grimhild's vengeance (*Grimhild's Hevn*, *Udvalgte Danske Viser*, I., 109, 117, 124) follow the German recension of the story. *Ravengar* and the *Eagle* reminds one of the conversation between Atli and the bird in the song of Helgison of Hjórvardh; and the *Vilkina-saga* is followed in the noble cycle of ballads on Diderik of Bern (Theodoric of Verona, the *Östrogöth*) and his champions. Let us quote a few verses from one of these ballads—*Diderik og*

* *Danmarks gamle Folkeviser*, udgivne af Svend Grundtvig. I. Kjöbenhavn. 1853. II. 1856.

Dänische Volkslieder der Vorzeit. Aus der Sammlung von Svend Grundtvig. Im Vermaass des Originals übertragen von Rosa Warrens. Mit einer Einleitung vom Herausgeber des Originals. Hamburg. 1856.

Olger Danske. Diderik sends to demand tribute from Olger of North Jutland, who has had himself crowned with red gold:—

King Olger grew right wrathful—such scoffs he never could bear:
"Let him abide us on the heath, and we will fight him there;
Of tribute nought the Danekers know, save what themselves have seized,
And if you take our tribute now, you'll be but little pleased."

So gay was Ulf of Jern, when back the answer came!
So loud laughed Hero Haagen: "We tarry too long for them."
And it was Vidrik Verlandsen—right glad of heart he grew:
And then says Orm the Ungersvend, "We'll beat the Berners too."
"And I will ride ahead of all"—so spake Sir Iver Blas;
"I will not be the hindmost," then said Sir Kulden Graa.

King Olger and King Diderik, they met upon the heath;
They fought in earnest, mightily—in wrath they set their teeth:
They fought one day, they fought for three, and neither side would quail;
The Danekers fight so manfully! their lord they never fail.

The blood ran down as the torrents run, down from the hills away;
The tribute which they claimed before, this must the Berners pay.
The battle-steam rose to the clouds, and all the sun grew red:
It was great pity to behold the heroes lying dead.
Here lay horse and there lay man—good friends were twinned for aye—
All did not laugh who came to feast where that hot blood-bath lay.
(*Danske Viser*, i. 37, 38, 39.)

Who will not pardon, for the sake of such verses as these are in the original, the anachronism committed by the balladist in making Olger, a contemporary of Charlemagne, fight against Theodorik, who flourished in the fifth and sixth centuries? The vigour and vividness apparent in the ballad above quoted are found in most of its fellows. To establish the truth of this assertion would, however, require more space than we can well afford. But take some of the short similes, which are sparingly introduced, as in all true popular poetry, save the Ionian songs. Thus, of the hero Sigfried's ungovernable horse (*Danske Viser*, i. 97, rendered literally):—

They led Gramand out from the stable; his halter was gilt;
His eyes were luminous as clear stars, and fire sprang from his bit.

And when Grimmer is going to fight for the hand of Lady Ingeborg, she says to her lover:—

I will give you the sword—take it in your hand;
It bites the hard iron as if you clove water.

"Giant," says Vidrik Verlandsen, "I will hew thee as small as leaves blown among dust" (and he does it, of course). In the second ballad on Rosmer the merman, Buckshank and Elverstone start for Iceland; and "they launched the ship out on the sea, that growled like the wrathful bear." But in describing the joy felt at the deliverance of Valdemar II. from captivity, the singer takes a more daring flight:—

The Danish men were all as glad that their Lord was loose from trouble,
As the angels were on Easter-morning when our Lord arose from death.

"Guard thyself well, dear daughter," says a mother, "Sir Gjode strives after thy honour as the falcon after the wild roe." The king's men fall before Knud of Myklegard (Constantinople) "as leaves against the winter-tide;" and finally, the following, like the comparison of the sound of the sea to the growl of an angry bear, could hardly have been struck out save by a northern balladist:—

A mouth she has like roses red, and eyes like the falcon gray,
And every word she utters falls like a runic lay.

And this—

Hoeg he goes to the ships with so mickle a prize:
Edmund stands in the waist as bright as a gray iceberg—

brings a noble image before one's imagination—the tall young warrior, erect in the sheen of his armour, like the glittering bergs that tower above the surges of the northern seas. Some of these similes are surely conceived in the true Homeric spirit, and another Homeric characteristic is suggested by the standing epithets which so frequently occur in the ballads. Thus God is always "the Highest," or "the Mighty," or "the True." Christ is "the rich." A troll is always either "wicked," or "loathly." A knight is "fine" or "fair;" a lady, "proud" (which, as in the Scottish ballads, seems simply to mean stately) or "chaste;" a mother is "dear," but a stepmother "rough" (*strid*). Courtiers (*hofmend*), the retainers of the kings or nobles, the huscarls of the sagas) are "active;" castles are always "bold;" wine is "clear," mead "brown," or "sweet." A sword is "good," or "gilded," or "bright;" a shield "good," or "red." Dress in general (*skind*) is "scarlet," or "leaf-green;" a mantle is "blue," or in the case of a person of the lower ranks, "gray." Spurs are "golden," shoes "silver-buckled" (*sölvepandte*), linen "white." The knights' and ladies' hair was "yellow," their fingers were "small," their cheeks and hands "white," their tears "bitter"—they were not ashamed to weep in the middle ages—though their groves and limetrees were "green," and their sun "clear." The seastrand is "white," or "wild," or "storming," the sea "salt," the billows "blue," or "strong." More remarkable are the epithets applied to the yards and sails of ships, the former being always "gilded," the latter "silken"—

* Compare this *rikeo* Crist, Hel. i. 2. "*Rikhi*" says Jacob Grimm (D. Myth. 18) "in Old High German means dives, potens, and also beatus; and dives is closely connected with divus, as Dis, Ditis, grows out of Divit. From the Slav. *dog* is derived *bagat* (dives) Lith. *bagotas* [cf. the Irish tribe-name in Ptolemy, *To-fo-fo-fo?*] Cf. ops, inops (Russ. ubogii) opulentus with ops the bona dea."

the mediæval mind seems indeed to have taken especial delight in imagining sumptuous vessels. The metre in which these ballads are composed is either the long line with seven accented syllables, of which we have given a specimen, or a shorter line, with only four such syllables, of which a home-example may be found in the Scottish *Binnorie*. The rhymes are often assonantal. And now, having said thus much as to the outward and visible signs whereby the Danish ballads may be known, we may proceed to consider a few of the characteristics of the spirit by which they are animated.

First, then, we may notice the unquenchable thirst for vengeance from which the ballad heroes and heroines suffer—a thirst sometimes, as in *Secund Vonved*, replaced by what seems a mere mad lust for blood. The mode in which this operates may be exemplified by an extract from a ballad, called the *Avenging Sword*, and printed by Grundtvig for the first time. Sir Peder has been wandering over the earth in search of his father's murderer. At last the Danish king confesses that he himself was the slayer:—

Sir Peder his breastplate he smote with a will—
"Rein in thy wrath—O my heart, lie still!"

Lie still my heart, but ready be thou:
Of vengeance soon thou shalt have enow."

Alone into the court he sped:
Unto his noble sword he said:—

"Hearken thou, my sword so good:
Wouldst thou revel deep in blood?
Sword, to-day wilt thou help me?
No brother have I alive but thee."

"How can I give thee help to-day?
Behold, my hilt is wrenched away."

Sir Peder sought a smithy then:
The swordsmith forged the sword agen:
The hilt he wrought in silver white:
Of gold he made the pommel bright.

"And now wilt thou, my sword, help me?
No brother have I alive but thee."

"Only be thy heart as bold
As my point is keen and cold:
Only be thy spirit free
As my hilt is true to thee."

Sir Peder strides on into the hall:
Therein they were drinking, the champions all.
Sir Peder would prove his good sword's worth:
Eight of the champions he strikes to earth.
Sir Peder he smote on every side:
He spared nor mother, nor maid, nor bride.
He clanged and stormed through court and hall:
He slew the king and the king's sons all.

But out of its cradle a child says still:
"You're venging your father's death full ill:
Full ill you're venging your father's death:
I'll venge my sire, please God"—it saith.

"Full well I've wroken my father's fall,
Thy sire's shall never be wroken at all."

He took the child as it lay full low:
He clove it atwain with a single blow.

"Halt now my sword, so red and broad!
Halt in the name of Eternal God!"

Sadly said the sword: "Hear thou!
I longed for thine own blood but now;
And hadst thou not conjured me so
By this I should have laid thee low."

The spirit that actuated Sir Peder is sometimes, as we have hinted, shared by women. Thus, in the "Little Engel" (*Danske Viser*, iii. 147), the hero carries off Lady Malfred. Her uncle pursues the lovers with a large body of men. By Malfred's advice, Engel takes refuge in Mary's-kirk. There he and his lady are besieged for five months:—

This said Malfred's mother—she was not loving to her—
"Burn ye Mary's church, and build it again with gold."
The fire began to burn, and the smoke rushed thickly in,
It was like Malfred, she paled on her white cheek.
It was so hot in the churchyard, as it stood in flame;
It was hotter in the church, as the lead ran down.
This said like Malfred—she was so sick at heart—
"Stab our horses to death—let us cool ourselves in their blood."

This said Engel, as he stood on the floor,
"Full little coolness can we get from our horses' blood."

Then cried the henchboy—to him the horses were so dear—
"Rather stab like Malfred—she well deserves death."

It was the like Engel took Malfred in his arms:
"Thou dost by no means deserve this death, my own heart's dearest.

But hear me, little Malfred, what I say to thee now:
If thou hast a son this year, call him after me."

They set her on their shields, and lifted her up with their spears:
So they lifted her sorrowing out of the church-window.

It was the Lady Malfred, she goes about the churchyard:
Her scarlet [mantle] was destroyed, and so was her hair burnt.

It was the Lady Malfred fell on her naked knees:
"Grant that I bear the son this year who shall take vengeance for this!"

Her prayer is heard, and her son subsequently burns her uncle alive.

This overmastering passion for revenge may to some extent be accounted for by the utter disregard for the lives of themselves and others which the heroes evince on most occasions. Battle to them is a *leg* (play, the Northumbrian lake), or a *dands* (dance).

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A manslaughter is described sometimes as if it was a joke—rather a rough one, perhaps, but regarded as good by all but the victim. Thus, in "King Diderik's Warriors' Expedition to Birtingeland" (Brittany?)—

Said the king's skinker, who skinked both mead and wine,
"Let's take to our sharp spears—we'll drive them back again."
It was Hvitting Helfredson, he took the skinker by the beard;
He struck him under the ear, so that his brains bespattered the wall;
It was Hvitting Helfredson, he made thereof a play;
He cast the dead body on the board—"Who'll mince this meat for me?"

And yet, amid all this ruthlessness and savagery, we find traits of a chivalrous tenderness and pity that remind one of the beautiful, gentle Baldur standing among the grim, dark gods of Asgard. "My lord," says Sir Nielus to his betrothed, "will send me on an expedition, away from you, my deepest Rest" (*min høieste Ro*). Did a lover ever call his lady by a nobler name? And in a champion-ballad describing a battle between Vidrik Verlandsen (Vidga son of Velint) with King Blackmand (in Peder Syv's collection, Kjöb. 1787, p. 421), we find the catastrophe thus described:—

Then Vidrik spake unto his sword: "Mimerung, art any good?
For not in all these fifteen years smote I in fiercer mood."
Then forth he drew his noble sword—for it was sheathed fast—
He smote the king so hard, the point from head to navel passed.
It was Vidrik Verlandsen—he smote without a threat—
He hewed so fiercely at the king the point his saddle met.
Then Vidrik Verlandsen outspoke—his cheeks were flushing high—
"It was great pity to behold that such a kemp should die:
Let us take up the kingly corpse, and lay it in a grave:
All honour, praise, and dignity so true a kemp should have.
Now have I been in many a dance, 'mong champions' hands so hard—
I never found a man before, himself so well could ward."

It is, however, in ballads such as "Svend Dyring, or, the Dead Mother's Return" (which, with its combination of intense pathos and high imaginative power, stands alone, we are inclined to think, in the ballad-literature of Europe), and in love-ballads, such as "Sir Medelvold," "Ribolt and Guldberg," and "Agnete and the Merman," that we find the truest examples of the tenderness to which we have alluded—that noble tenderness which in the middle ages was seldom, we suspect, to be found save among men with hearts as bold and arms as strong as those of the fierce champions whose deeds of vengeance have been above referred to. With one of these love-ballads—"Aage og Else" (*Danske Viser*, i. 210)—we shall now conclude these cursory remarks on the completelest, and in some respects the finest, ballad-literature of Teutonic Europe:—

It was the knight Sir Aage, he rode by an isle away,
He won the lady Elsielyle—she was so fair a may!
He won the lady Elsielyle, with all her store of gold.
On Monday thereafter—he lay in the cold black mould.
It was the lady Elsielyle, she was right full of woe—
The knight Sir Aage heard her, the cold black mould below.
Up stands the knight Sir Aage, takes the coffin on his back,
So he draws nigh her bower—no trouble doth he lack.
He tapped at the door with his coffin—for mantle none had he—
"Stand up, O Lady Elsie, thy true-love's come to thee."
The lady Elsie answered: "I will not open my door,
Unless you can name the name of Christ, even as you could of yore."
"Stand up, O lady Elsielyle, and open wide your door,
For I can name the name of Christ, even as I could of yore."
Upstood the stately Elsielyle—with tears her face was wet—
And then within her bower door the dead man's feet she let.
And then she took her comb of gold, and then she combed his hair,
For every hair she laid aright, her tears came falling there.
"And hearken now, Sir Aage, thou dear, dear love of mine,
How fares it in the cold black earth, within that grave of thine?"
"Every time thou art joyful, and happy in thy mind,
The coffin-boards about me with rose-leaves all are lined.
Every time thou grieveest, sorrowful in thy mood,
Then all within my coffin seems full of clotted blood.
The red-red cock is crowing now, and I must fare away,
And all the dead must home to earth—behind I cannot stay.
Now crows the coal-black cock, and I must sink to my house of clay.
The gates of heaven are open now, and I must speed away."
Up stood the knight Sir Aage, took the coffin on his back,
So he draws nigh the chapel-garth—no trouble doth he lack.
This did the Lady Elsielyle, for her heart was ill at ease,
She went alone with her true-love, below the gloomy trees.
And when she had passed through all the trees, into the garth so bare,
Then faded on Sir Aage's head his golden-yellow hair.
And when he came from the chapel-garth, and into the chancel sped,
Then faded on Sir Aage's face the cheeks that were rose-red.
"My own dear lady Elsielyle, hear what I say to thee,
Weep never more for thy betrothed, O weep no more for me.
Look up, look up to heaven, up to the stars on high,
And so thou soon shalt be aware how the night passes by."
So up she looked to heaven, and saw the stars so keen,
The spirit fled within the earth, and never more was seen.
Home went the lady Elsie—she was right full of woe—
On Monday thereafter, she lay the mould below.

POPULAR THEOLOGY IN AMERICA.*

THERE are few subjects which can be compared in interest with the theological condition of the United States. The question how Englishmen in a state of general excitement, almost universally gifted with a superficial education, and freed from the powerful pressure which all the influences of our own political

and ecclesiastical system bring to bear upon them, will get on in the most important departments of human thought, has a very close relation indeed to ourselves. We therefore turn with great curiosity to a novel called *Theodosia, or the Heroine of Faith*, which appears to have met with considerable success in the United States. Strange as such a combination seems, it is an Anti-Pædobaptist novel, setting forth in the most uncompromising style the peculiar tenets of that sect, both as regards baptism and Church government. To do the author justice, the novel element is extremely slight, though it is also most characteristic. We need hardly disclaim the intention of entering into any sort of controversy upon the main subjects of the book; but it is, we think, matter of no slight importance to examine to some extent the manner in which it is written, as it throws a very curious light on American modes of thought and feeling, and on many of the events which we see passing before us—especially on the revivals which are just now making so much noise in many parts of the country, and which some people wish to see introduced into our own.

The principal reflection which *Theodosia* excites in our minds is that the whole tone of American life must have the strongest tendency to produce, *pari passu*, extreme shallowness and extreme self-sufficiency. There is a sort of indecency in the conception of the book which is, we hope, rarely to be found, even amongst bigoted Englishmen. *Theodosia* Ernest, a beautiful girl of eighteen, happens one day to see a person baptized by immersion in a river. It immediately strikes her that, if this is baptism, she has never been baptised, and, thereupon, she determines to investigate the question. Her lover, her mother, her brother, a Presbyterian, and a Baptist preacher talk the matter over after tea for a few evenings; and on the Sunday next after that on which she was witness to the immersion, *Theodosia* is herself immersed, being irrevocably persuaded, on biblical authority, that there can be no valid baptism in any other mode. We need not describe the discussions which convince her. The lover has forgotten the little Greek he once knew; but the brother (a boy of fifteen) is just beginning Greek at school, and with the help of his grammar and lexicon makes out βαπτίζω, I baptise, ἐν, in, ὕδατι, water, which, from the context, it appears can only mean "I dip in the river." Mr. Courtney, the Baptist preacher, adds a good deal of learning of different kinds; but every one agrees that the young lady is a perfectly competent judge of the controversy, and especially of that part of it which turns on a knowledge of the Greek, and even of the Hebrew languages. She decides, for example, that βαπτίζω represents the Hebrew *tabal*; and she determines, from a comparison of fifteen places in which the latter word occurs in the Old Testament, that it implies immersion to the exclusion of affusion or sprinkling. To do all this, and to make up one's mind to leave the Presbyterians and become a Baptist in the course of seven successive evenings, must be allowed to be a good week's work.

We wonder whether it ever strikes the readers for whom such books are intended—it can certainly never strike the writer—that if a Roman Catholic were in search of a *reductio ad absurdum* of Protestantism this is exactly the sort of evidence which he would fasten on for the purpose. There is no want of acuteness in the book. There is even a certain keenness which is characteristically enough displayed in so constant a use of technical legal phrases that we should be inclined to guess that, like one of his principal characters, the author had been a lawyer before he turned preacher. But there is a narrowness and poverty of mind about the whole thing which makes the smartness and attorneylike 'cuteness' of the argument not only perfectly offensive but silly. Can anything indeed be more ludicrously inconsistent and untenable than the position in which the heroine is placed for the admiration of mankind? She takes upon herself to decide that what is usually called baptism is not entitled to that name—that infant baptism, however administered, is useless—and that therefore she ought to be baptised according to the Baptist ceremonial. Her ground for this is her belief that it is a legitimate inference from the teaching of the Bible. But why does she believe in the Bible? Where does she get her canons of interpretation and criticism? Is it to be supposed that young American ladies of eighteen have usually convinced themselves, after careful examination of all that is to be said on the other side, of the being and attributes of God, of the truth of the Gospel history, and of the existence, nature, and extent of the supernatural authority of the Bible? Have they adjusted all the various relations of what may be called the Christian and the secular views of morality? Have they settled within themselves how we are to regard the existence of moral and physical evil in the world, and what inferences are to be drawn from it? Of course such a supposition cannot be entertained for a moment. Upon these most momentous topics the class which Miss *Theodosia* represents take the opinions of their parents, and if so, it is indeed a swallowing of camels and straining at gnats to chop logic about the meaning of *tabal* and βαπτίζω. We need only mention the words to remind any moderately competent person of the variety and difficulty of the questions connected with the interpretation of Scripture; and when we compare the importance of Miss Ernest's conclusions with the flimsiness and scragginess of her premises, we cannot view them without a feeling of something very like disgust. The substantial question at issue between a Baptist and a member of almost any other denomina-

* *Theodosia; or, the Heroine of Faith*. 2 vols. London: Trübner. 1858.

tion is nothing less than this—are the benefits of the Christian revelation extended to large masses of men, or are they confined to an infinitesimally small proportion of those who call themselves Christians? This momentous question young American ladies are applauded for deciding on the ground that certain Greek and Hebrew words have a certain meaning, that the Bible is to be construed in certain parts like an Act of Parliament, and that it contains, expressly or by inference, exhaustive systematic information upon every subject to which it relates. If the subject were not a melancholy one, it would be extremely ridiculous.

The author of the book before us repeats over and over again that religion is a personal matter, involving a personal responsibility, and demanding personal conviction; but what is personal conviction? Can no one have a personal conviction of the truth of a given fact unless he have personally gone back to the most authentic sources of information upon the subject? Perhaps the very first essential for those who wish to form personal convictions worth anything at all is that they should have a right estimate of their own intellectual capacity. If a jurymen who knew from long experience that he had a very bad memory, and was very stupid and very ignorant, were to find that evidence which quite satisfied his mind was altogether disregarded by his eleven brethren, would he not be bound in conscience to give the very greatest weight to that circumstance? And if he knew the others to be honest, able, and conscientious men, ought he not to give up his view to theirs?

The inference which the popularity of such a book as this suggests is a very unpleasant one, though it is unfortunately confirmed by many other evidences of a collateral kind. It tends to show a shallowness and thinness in the American character which is a sad contrast to that force, depth, and variety which are so common in this country. With our Transatlantic kinsmen, slang seems to take the place of humour, bombast to supersede eloquence, and flurried pretension to be mistaken for depth of thought. In almost every American writer with whose works we are acquainted there are the traces of this thinness and slightness. The relation of Fenimore Cooper to Walter Scott, of Mr. Prescott to Lord Macaulay, of Mr. Longfellow to Mr. Tennyson, of Mr. Emerson to Mr. Carlyle, of Washington Irving to Goldsmith, of Justice Story to Lord Brougham, of the *North American Review* to the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly*, is, to speak algebraically, a constant relation, and it would be easy to find parallels amongst theologians. It will seem a paradox only to very shallow and very hasty observers to assert that a landed aristocracy, an established church, a vast and complicated system of proprietary rights and dignities, and corporate professions richly endowed and closely connected with the Government, are amongst the strongest of all guarantees for independence and originality of mind. All these things give men a position which is not dependent on mere public opinion, and an authority recognised by law which is infinitely less likely to be oppressive than an authority which rests on nothing but personal qualities. Till very lately, not only could an ecclesiastical court excommunicate but law courts would issue writs *de excommunicato capiendo*, and within a very few years a martyred clergyman attracted all manner of sympathy by sitting in the Fleet Prison to testify against the Bishop of Exeter; but such machinery is as much less formidable to individual freedom of thought, compared with a church committee quite unofficial and totally unrecognised by law in some outlying town in the United States, as a thirty-six pound gun is in ordinary life less formidable than a policeman's truncheon. The steady increase of every sort of bigotry, narrow-mindedness, and flimsiness in America is at once one of the saddest, one of the most remarkable, and one of the best-ascertained phenomena of the present day.

CHERBOURG ET L'ANGLETERRE.*

IT is easy enough to say that we in England are alone responsible for the growing irritation between ourselves and our good allies and neighbours in France; and it is a part of the same—and as we think a mistaken—policy to make much of a fervid article in the English newspapers, and little of a seditious French pamphlet. The fact is, that in either case these manifestoes represent something substantial—in neither case would they have been published unless they appealed to some large definite sympathy. Public opinion is represented equally by the biting cynicism of Printing House-square and by the gentleman who publishes *Cherbourg et l'Angleterre*; and when we come to the question of responsibility, it is manifest that, as regards the State, France is far more culpable in provoking misunderstandings than we are. The French Emperor knows that, as far as responsibility goes, the proprietors of a newspaper and its daily Demosthenes or Thersites begin and end the international wrong, if wrong it be; while in France, with its strict censorship of the press, and its power of instantly suppressing an obnoxious publication, the omnipresent despotism is answerable for anything and everything which appears in print. If, as is said, the author of the last howl at England is a Government *employé*, the greater the responsibility of his employers. We do not say that he writes under the inspiration, but he must publish with the connivance of authority. Our copy bears the accrediting *Timbre*

Imperiale of the department of the Seine; and the publication is therefore legalized, and so far official.

The significance, however, of *Cherbourg et l'Angleterre* is not to be found only, or chiefly, in its rabid expressions of hatred and contempt for England. We know all about the stereotyped wickedness of this country. There is as little of novelty as of truth in the formal denunciation of the selfishness and treachery of England. We all know that Pitt hired assassins to take off the first Napoleon, and that the infernal machine of the 3rd Nivose was ordered and paid for in Downing-street. It is an historical commonplace that England "lost almost her entire army in the Crimea," and that she "came out of the war worse off than Russia." Toulon, everybody is aware, was only treasonably betrayed into our hands. But, in exchange for these notorious entries in the book of past history, it is something to be assured by the contemporary authority of a pamphleteer who is at least semi-official, that England refused, and therefore that France at least proposed, assistance in reducing the Indian revolt, and that in our insular and sullen isolation was lost an opportunity for establishing a new order of things, useful not only to England but to general European interests. Perhaps, indeed, the revelation is inconvenient, if not premature, that this supercilious closing of the Indies to the disinterested assistance of our allies unfortunately spoils the value of French interference in China, the object of which is to open the whole East to those European, not to say French, influences which our exclusive occupation of the Indian peninsula has hitherto prevented. What has not the world lost by the obstinacy which declined to associate French marshals with Lord Clyde and Sir Archdale Wilson? These, however, at the best or worst, are only the writer's own convictions or inspirations. We care not to be assured that "the history of England is a perpetual scandal," and that "the success of England troubles the conscience like the sight of a fortunate bandit. The bandit, to be sure, is too short-lived always to receive his punishment here below; but it is not so with nations. Where to-day is Carthage? Where to-morrow will be proud England?" "England is sick at heart; and the cause of its ill-disguised fears is its evil conscience." "England which, by treachery, made its descents on Toulon and Quiberon, feels itself guilty in the sight of all nations, and day and night is in dread of a similar surprise on our part; and therefore it is that England is the only country which could never complain were the like means employed against herself." It is so comforting to be assured on this high authority that France can never descend to the like perfidy, that we hardly know how to estimate the hair-breadth escapes which we certainly do not owe to the generosity of our cordial allies. It was the winds alone which prevented Hoche's expedition from being an entire success; and the round-about conquest of England which Napoleon intended by assembling fifty sail of the line at Martinique, was only hindered by the unaccountable accident of Trafalgar, which was caused by the flagrant disobedience of Villeneuve.

Yet the true value of the pamphleteer's lucubrations is not in what he says, but in what he extracts; and all we are afraid of is, that the contempt which will attend his own raving nonsense will be given to what is really important in his pamphlet. We find in this production a *catena* of witnesses on either side of the Channel which certainly shows that Cherbourg has, and can have, but one meaning—that it was never attempted to conceal that it had but one, and that a most intelligible, object—and that it was always understood, both in England and France, what it meant. Louis XIV.—the only great sovereign whom France possessed till the Napoleonic advent, as we are thoughtfully reminded—under Colbert's inspirations, conceived the grand idea of equalling the naval forces of England. Duquesne and Jean Bart were the results of a policy which, but for that untoward business of La Hogue, was a success. In 1758—mark the significance of that centesimal period!—the English took Cherbourg; but this, again, was pure accident. Dumouriez, who inherited the first plan of Cherbourg from the great Vauban, designed a basin "for thirty or forty vessels, opposite and distant only twenty leagues from Portsmouth, where, in the event of war, could be assembled all the means for an invasion on the largest scale, which is always the best menace against England." These we find quoted as the very words of the first of the republican generals. "Its object," adds the same great authority, "is to gain for France its rightful share in the command of the Channel, and to reunite to Normandy what, to the eternal disgrace of France, has been shorn from it—the archipelago of the Channel Islands." It was only the exhaustion consequent on the American war which prevented England from remonstrating against or resisting the Cherbourg works of 1786. In 1788, Burke, denouncing the peace of that year, used these memorable words:—"France opens its arms, but it is to seize our commerce. France opens its arms at Cherbourg, but it is to establish a naval supremacy in the very teeth of our ports. The works of Cherbourg are such as to enable France to stretch its arms at once on Portsmouth and Plymouth. Guardian of the Channel, France, doubtless, will be our protectors. And we poor Trojans are called upon to admire this wooden horse which is destined to be our ruin!" The pamphleteer opportunely reminds us of the language of Lord Granville and Lord Lansdowne, who gravely impugned the Ministry for having done nothing to arrest the alarming works of Cherbourg. The Cherbourg, however, of

* *Cherbourg et l'Angleterre*, Paris, 1858.

the old Monarchy, which so disquieted the England of seventy-two years ago, was a plaything compared to that more than Egyptian work which the First Napoleon left to the successive rulers of France steadily to complete. In 1813, a valuable Paper on the state of the Empire was presented by Count Montalivet to the Emperor, in which the necessity of Cherbourg was enlarged upon on the undisputed ground of its uses against England. The opening of Cherbourg by Maria Louisa was considered by Napoleon a counterbalance to the disasters of the Russian campaign. In his imagination it was to retrieve the disaster of Trafalgar. And such is its mission. Already English supremacy, we are told, is passing away. The sceptre of the seas falls from our impotent grasp. A single menace from the United States compels us to renounce it. Every day our tone is perceptibly lowering. Queen Victoria's presence at Cherbourg is the legitimate pendant of her pilgrimage to the Tomb of the Invalides. Trafalgar is not only avenged, but England, in the presence of its Queen, assists and applauds the decree of Providence. A century has brought the wheel to the opposite point, and 1758, which witnessed the taking of Cherbourg, is relieved by the event which not only creates a *boulevard de defense*, but a *tête de pont pour l'attaque*.

But Cherbourg is not to stand alone. Steam has deprived England of her insular character, and we can now land, says the French writer, whenever we please. England is in the most momentous crisis of her fate. Her Indian Empire is at an end. The loss of her American colonies witnessed the commencement, and the loss of her Indian Empire signalizes the completion of Cherbourg. The independence of two continents attests at once the supremacy of France and the double fall of England. In Cherbourg we have the mediation of France in the regulation of India. The significance of Cherbourg is triple. It is the *flotte* and pledge of a French navy, a *flotte* of hope for all the enslaved nations who have groaned under British tyranny, and a *flotte* of vengeance and expiation for England. However, it is consolatory to find that the conquest of England is for her good. As Bolingbroke remarked, whenever a really great man mounted the throne of France, England would sink to the rank of Sardinia; and is it not written by the prophet of Saint Helena, "The destiny of England is to be an adjunct of France; nature has as completely made her one of our islands as Oleron or Corsica?" And we are assured that, exhausted as we now are, we can neither resist another camp at Boulogne nor survive another Milan decree. In this spasm of fate it is a consolation to be assured that France only intends to invade us for our good. True to his sympathies, our pious pamphleteer is only prepared to create a social revolution in England. An Imperial St. Simonianism is to replace our hateful feudalism. The only country in Europe which has not been touched by the finger of the *Peuple Sauvage* is to be regenerated by the gospel of Socialism. The people of England are already awakening to their true interests, and the pamphleteer really believes that on that happy day when a French general holds out the great charter of Universal Suffrage in one hand, and the Code Napoleon, with all its principles of social equality, in the other, it is the destiny of France to give, and of England cheerfully to accept, these symbols of its regeneration. Well, those who live longest will see most. Napoleon I. amused himself in gossiping over with O'Meara what he would have done when he entered London, and how he would have got there; and in exchange for the amusement which it has caused us, we cannot be angry with Napoleon III.'s clerk for parodying a proclamation from the Tower calling upon the oppressed serfs of England to rise on behalf of the Code Napoleon.

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